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IN THREE ACTS

by Rosemary Casey

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The Velvet Glove

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

by

50-4316

Rosemary Casey

SAMUEL FRENCH

25 WEST 45th ST. NEW YORK 19

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To my mother,
Mary Lee Casey, in love and gratitude

P4628

Copy of program of the first performance of *The Velvet Glove* as produced at the Booth Theatre, New York, December 26, 1949, by Guthrie McClintic.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In order of appearance)

MARY RENSHAW ..... *Barbara Brady*
MOTHER HILDEBRAND ..... *Grace George*
SISTER ATHANASIUS ..... *Muriel Starr*
SISTER LUCY ..... *Naomi Riordan*
MR. BARTON ..... *Ben Lackland*
PROFESSOR PEARSON ..... *James Noble*
SISTER MONICA ..... *Jean Dixon*
BISHOP GREGORY ..... *John Williams*
FATHER BENTON ..... *Will Davis*
MONSIGNOR BURKE ..... *Walter Hampden*

DIRECTED BY GUTHRIE MCCLINTIC

SCENE—Mother Hildebrand's office in the Convent of St. Paul, in a city in northern New York.

ACT ONE—A Wednesday morning in February of the present year.

ACT TWO—Friday afternoon.

ACT THREE—Late Monday afternoon.

ACT ONE

ACT ONE

SCENE: *Mother-General Hildebrand's office in the Convent of St. Paul, in a city in Northern New York.*

TIME: *A Wednesday morning of the present year.*

Mother Hildebrand's office is actually a large sitting-room, since a little room which is entered by a door Right of Center in the Rear wall contains the typewriter desk, the filing cabinets, and the other essentials of a business office.

In the large room, Mother Hildebrand's flat-topped desk is at the Right with chairs Right and Left of it. In addition to a telephone and the usual oddments, it holds a rather conspicuous push-button. There is a Prie-Dieu Right of the desk; an armchair at Center; a table at Left Center with chairs Right and Left of it.

The walls that are not occupied by bookshelves are generally hung with photographs of other convents. An exception to this is the wall between the two windows at the Right, where there hangs a large crucifix.

The room is furnished very simply. There is a secretary at Rear Center. There are several rather austere looking armchairs, and at the

Right, near the crucifix but above it, the Prie-Dieu.

The entrance to the room is at the Left of the Center wall.

When the curtain rises MARY RENSHAW, *Mother Hildebrand's secretary, is typing briskly. She is an attractive young woman in the early twenties, with an intelligent, eager face. Presently she finishes her letter, jerks it from the typewriter with an expert's efficiency, inserts it under the flap of an envelope which has already been addressed, and brings it down to Mother Hildebrand's desk. The telephone rings, and she answers it.*

MARY. [*Standing.*] Mother-General's office— No, she isn't— Could I take a message?—This is her secretary— Very well. [*She waits, then smiles with pleasure.*] Good morning, Mr. Hamilton— Very well, thank you— Oh, I'm afraid— Just a moment, I'll take a look. [*She pulls an engagement book towards her, studies it, then resumes her conversation.*] Mr. Hamilton, Mother Hildebrand could see you at eleven-thirty this morning— Will it?—Splendid— No, I won't. [*She hangs up. While she is making a notation in the engagement book, the telephone rings again, and she answers.*] Mother-General's office. [*She listens, and a look of apprehension comes into her face.*] Oh, Father Benton, good morning— I see— Yes, I see— It's very awkward, Father, she's going to be terribly busy this morning— She's not here yet— The train was late— They telephoned from the station. They were going to Mass in town— Yes, they ought to be here now. [*She listens to a lengthy discourse, and her expression hardens.*] If the Bishop insists, I

suppose there's nothing else to do— Will you wait just a moment? [*She consults the engagement book, then returns to the telephone.*] Father Benton, I can probably change her eleven-thirty appointment. [*Rather sharply, after listening.*] No, it can't be earlier— I have to disappoint someone as it is— Very well— Yes, I'll tell her— Yes— Very well, Father. [*She holds contact down a moment, sits down and releases it.*] May I have an outside line, please? [*She waits a moment, then dials.*] May I speak to Mr. Hamilton— I am calling for Mother Hildebrand— Thank you. [*After a moment.*] Mr. Hamilton, this is Mary Renshaw. [*She laughs.*] Yes, I'm afraid so— It's not my fault, it's the Bishop's!—Yes, they've got the right of Eminent Domain, or something— Well, it appears that the Bishop is going out of town for two days, and he wants to see Mother before he leaves— He's taking a plane at twelve-fifteen, so he can just make it if you'll let him have your time— You're very sweet!—*Much* sweeter— Yes, she's free at ten tomorrow— All right— And thank you for being such a dear! [*She hangs up.*]

[TWO NUNS, *still wearing their travelling shawls and bonnets, enter from the Left, opening Left door, in time to hear Mary's last sentence. One, a middle-aged woman, is* SISTER ATHANASIUS. *The other is* MOTHER HILDEBRAND. *Although she still moves with great energy, Mother Hildebrand's lined face indicates that she is very old. Her voice is strong, however, and her eyes are very bright.* MOTHER HILDEBRAND *goes down Right.* SISTER ATHANASIUS *drops her briefcase on Center chair and goes Left Center.* MARY *rises.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Making love to someone, as usual!

MARY. Oh, Mother! Thank Heaven you've come!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Taking off her shawl, and giving it to* SISTER ATHANASIUS.] Well, Sister, this is a gratifying welcome! Evidently we've been missed!

MARY. [*Behind chair Left of desk.*] Terribly! The most awful things have been happening!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Tranquilly.*] How very alarming. [*To* SISTER ATHANASIUS.] Now, Sister, go down to the refectory and tell Sister Clare that she's to give you a good breakfast.

SISTER ATHANASIUS. But Mother, it's almost eleven! We'll be having lunch at—

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Very gently.*] Sister!

SISTER ATHANASIUS. [*Meekly.*] Yes, Mother, I'll go at once. [*She turns away, then stops.*] Will you have a tray at your desk?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Thank you, dear. That would be very nice. Just coffee.

SISTER ATHANASIUS. Yes, Mother. [*She goes off with shawl.*]

[MOTHER HILDEBRAND *picks up briefcase.*]

MARY. [*Eagerly.*] Mother, they're making trouble for Tommy! They're trying to— [*The telephone rings.*] Damn!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Say that I am engaged! Then tell the sister at the switchboard not to put through any calls for the next half-hour.

MARY. [*Crossing to the telephone below desk.*] Yes, Mother.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Crossing to front of desk.*] And stop swearing! It shocks the younger nuns!

MARY. [*Smiling.*] Yes, Mother. [*At the telephone.*] Mother-General's office— Yes, but she's engaged just now— Oh, good morning, Mrs. Kirner— Yes, certainly. [*Listens, then laughs.* MOTHER HILDEBRAND *sits Left of desk taking papers out of briefcase and laying them down Left on desk.*] What?!—All right— Yes, I'll tell her— Goodbye. [*She holds down the receiver for a moment, then releases as she turns to* MOTHER HILDEBRAND.] That was Mrs. Kirner. She said— [*Breaks off as the operator comes on the line.*] Oh, Sister, Mother doesn't want any calls to be put through for the next half hour— Thank you. [*Hangs up.*] Mrs. Kirner said to tell you that she has a thousand dollars, and she wants to know whether you'd rather have a gold radio, or a gold frying pan! [MOTHER HILDEBRAND *gives a very hearty laugh.*] What does that mean?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. It means that I have forestalled Mr. Angellini!

MARY. Who is he?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. The gentleman who persuaded the Class of 1938 that what I needed more than anything in life was that contraption on my desk for ringing the Angelus! It cost them hundreds of dollars!

MARY. [*Pointing to the button on the desk.*] What, that little button?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Exactly! But it took days to do the wiring. At twelve dollars per day per man! And that, mind you, for something that's never been used and never will be!

MARY. Why did you let them put it in?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Taking off gloves.*] I was away, of course! And when I got home, Mr. Angellini assured me that it would cost additional hundreds of dollars to remove the wiring! I pray for his soul every day!

MARY. Oh, has he died?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Rises.*] No, so we're not safe yet! [*Pleasantly: crossing above desk.*] So Mrs. Kirner has a thousand dollars! I wonder if that's from the whole alumnae, or just from her class?

MARY. [*Unable to repress her impatience.*] I don't know, Mother. But couldn't we find out later? I've got to talk to you!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Yes, you're bursting to tell me some bad news. [*Sitting.*] Well, what is it?

MARY. [*Looking tragic.*] The Bishop's coming to see you this morning!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Is that all?!

MARY. But he's coming about Tommy! I'm sure he is!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Nonsense! It's probably about the arrangements for Monday.

MARY. No! He's going to tell you that he'd like you to fire Tommy.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Fire Professor Pearson!

MARY. Yes!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. On what grounds?

MARY. He thinks he's a dangerous influence! A friend of mine who works at the Chancery heard some priests

talking about it yesterday. And just a few minutes ago, the Bishop's secretary called up and said that the Bishop *had* to see you this morning!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. You ridiculous child! To allow yourself to be upset by a rumor!

MARY. It wasn't a rumor! Patsy heard it with her own ears!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. She *thought* she heard it! My dear, before you marry Professor Pearson, I suggest that you cultivate his habit of sifting evidence. A first rate historian would find it a little trying to be married to a girl who could be thrown off balance by every idle word!

[*At this moment a happy faced little* NUN *hurries in with quick, noiseless steps. This is* SISTER LUCY. *She carries a small tray, which she puts down on the desk in front of* MOTHER HILDEBRAND.]

SISTER LUCY. [*Entering.*] Good morning, dear Mother! Welcome home!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Thank you, Sister Lucy.

SISTER LUCY. [*Putting tray down.*] We've missed you. But we did enjoy your letters, when Sister read them to us at recreation. It must have been a most interesting journey.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. It was. And I shall tell you all about it at the community meeting this afternoon.

SISTER LUCY. [*Starts off.*] That will be lovely!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Well, I suppose everything went well here in my absence?

SISTER LUCY. [*Turning back.*] Oh, yes! God took good care of us, as He always does. Well, I mustn't interrupt you. [*Starting off.*] I know how busy you must be.

[SISTER LUCY *hurries out, as quietly as she entered, and* MOTHER HILDEBRAND *smiles as she pours out her coffee.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Evidently Sister Lucy is unaware that "awful things" have been happening!

MARY. [*Quietly. Crossing below desk to Center.*] Sister Lucy is not in love with a man who is being persecuted.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. If she were, she would be just as untroubled as she is now. Sister Lucy has what you lack, [MARY *turns to look at her.*] faith in God.

MARY. I have faith in God! It's the Bishop I don't trust! [*Crossing back to sit Left of desk.*] Mother, you don't know what a stir all of this has made!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Certainly I do. I read all the newspapers that you sent me. With great satisfaction.

MARY. With satisfaction! Although they accused Tommy of being a Communist?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. He proved that he wasn't. In any case, it isn't every day that that charge is made against a Catholic professor. The publicity will be invaluable.

MARY. The Bishop doesn't think so!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Calmly.*] The Bishop is a very young man.

MARY. [*Beginning to gather courage.*] Lord, I'm glad you've come home! I'm beginning to feel quite safe again! [MOTHER HILDEBRAND *smiles.* MARY *leaning*

urgently forward.] I have a lovely feeling that you'll tell the Bishop where to head in if he starts to make trouble!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Mary, you must not speak of the Bishop in that outrageously disrespectful way!

MARY. [*Sitting back.*] I wasn't disrespectful!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. You were, and I won't allow it! Bishop Gregory is our superior, and we all, religious and laity alike, owe him perfect respect and obedience!

MARY. [*Fearfully.*] Obedience! Do you mean that you'd have to fire Tommy if the Bishop told you to?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. There's not the slightest danger that he'll tell me to. He knows that Professor Pearson is a brilliant young man. [*In a rather dry voice.*] Also, in the twenty-five years in which I have been Mother-General of the order, I have never been opposed by a Bishop in any of the dioceses in which we have convents.

MARY. But there's always a first time! What if this were it?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. This is a silly discussion! Have I any appointments this morning?

MARY. But tell me, Mother! What if the worst happens? Would you have to take orders from the Bishop?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Certainly! But the Bishop was made a Bishop because he has more than ordinary intelligence and discretion! He is not, as you appear to think, a mental incompetent! Now stop looking like Lady Macbeth and tell me what I am to do this morning!

MARY. [*Smiling as she takes up the engagement book.*] You're seeing Mr. Barton at eleven.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. The publisher?

MARY. Yes. The one who started all this fuss about Tommy! [MOTHER HILDEBRAND *frowns at her, and* MARY *goes on hastily as* MOTHER HILDEBRAND *drinks her coffee.*] He only wants a few minutes with you, so I told the Dean that she could see you at eleven-fifteen. She has to be back at the college before a quarter to twelve, so she'll be out of the way before the Bishop arrives.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. And when does he arrive?

MARY. At eleven-thirty. And he's catching a plane at twelve-fifteen, so he must leave here not later than ten minutes to twelve. Anyone who interferes with this arrangement will of course be excommunicated.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Trying very hard not to smile.*] Go on!

MARY. At twelve o'clock you are seeing the florist about the decorations for the chapel on Monday. As it's your Golden Jubilee, he thinks that he ought to use all yellow flowers. But Sister Agatha thinks that since Cardinal Fregatti is coming, it would be nice to use red.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. As we're having Benediction, we'll use white.

MARY. [*Smiles.*] At twelve-thirty, you're seeing Mr. Robertson.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Here, or at the bank?

MARY. Here. Then at one, the architect is coming, and he says that he'll need at least an hour.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. An hour! To discuss what?

MARY. The auditorium.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. He's not going to make another change!

MARY. He wants to.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. That young man is plainly neurotic!

MARY. Well, he always goes over his time, so I didn't make another appointment until two-thirty. The Bursar's coming then. That will take you up to the community meeting at three-thirty.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Nothing after that?

MARY. No.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Good. [MARY *rises with engagement pad in her hand.*] Then we ought to be able to begin work by five. Is there much mail?

MARY. [*Crossing Left of chair and up to office.*] Piles!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Rising.*] Perhaps we'd have time for one letter before— [*She breaks off as she becomes aware that* SISTER LUCY *has ushered a gentleman into the room.*] Ah, good morning, Mr. Barton! [*She rises and crosses to him at Center. As she does so,* MARY *withdraws into the little office, closing the door behind her, and* SISTER LUCY *scuttles across to the desk, retrieves the tray, and hurries out with it.* MR. BARTON *is a rather impressive looking man, and it is obvious that he has enjoyed his momentary glimpse of* MOTHER HILDEBRAND *at work.*]

MR. BARTON. You're looking very well, after your long trip. You didn't find it tiring?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Not a bit! Too interesting!

MR. BARTON. You went all the way out to the west coast, didn't you?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Indicating the chair Right of table.*] Yes, and up the coast, to Washington.

[*They sit down, she at Center.*]

MR. BARTON. Oh, I didn't know that you had a convent in Washington.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. It's our newest one. [*Quite cheerfully.*] Probably the last that I shall live to see established.

MR. BARTON. Don't say that, Mother! We need you in the world.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I've been in the world a long time. On Monday I shall have been a nun for fifty years.

MR. BARTON. I know. That's one of the things I've come to talk about. I'd like to do an editorial about you, to be published on the day of your Jubilee. Would you allow our Mr. Rinehart to interview you, with that in mind?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Very pleasantly.*] No.

MR. BARTON. You won't?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Under no circumstances.

MR. BARTON. I'm extremely disappointed! I was going to take a hand in the writing of it, and I had looked forward to pulling out all the stops.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. You can save it for my obituary. Nuns don't mind being talked about when they're dead.

MR. BARTON. But they do mind, when they're living?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Very much. You see, Mr. Barton, nuns are not individuals. They're just members of a community.

MR. BARTON. [*Smiling.*] I didn't know that, Mother. From my slight acquaintance with you, I had formed the impression that nuns were indeed individuals! But since that isn't the case, would you have any objection to our writing an editorial about the work that your order has done in the field of education?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Not the slightest!

MR. BARTON. Good! Then we'll publish that on Monday. I'm looking forward to your reception. It's going to be a very large one, isn't it?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Yes, we expect it to be.

MR. BARTON. With Pontifical Benediction to follow! I haven't the vaguest notion what that means, but it sounds colorful.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Beautiful! You must come to Benediction. It will do your Presbyterian soul good!

MR. BARTON. I want to come, but I wasn't sure that you would admit a heretic.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. The chapel will be full of heretics. Some of them are very dear and very old friends of mine. [*With a change of voice.*] Others, of course, are simply politicians who are about to come up for re-election! [MR. BARTON *smiles.*] But it will be colorful! There will be three Bishops, any number of Monsignori, and Cardinal Fregatti, the Papal Legate, is coming up from Washington.

MR. BARTON. Even Princes of the Church do you honor. Mother, I want to make a present to your order, in honor of your Jubilee.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. That's very kind of you.

MR. BARTON. And I had determined to make it a gift of money.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Money is an extremely useful thing, Mr. Barton. Especially as we're about to build a new auditorium at the college.

MR. BARTON. Just so. But I was told recently that there was something you would like more than money.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. What on earth could that be?

MR. BARTON. Well, a man who has done work for you in the past told me that you had long wanted to install a system for floodlighting the grounds and buildings of the convent, as a protection against burglars. If that is the case, even though the expense involved goes somewhat beyond the sum that I had named to myself, I shall gladly tell our friend to go ahead.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. And who is our friend?

MR. BARTON. He's an electrical contractor. A Mr. Angellini.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Glancing over at desk button.*] Of course it's Mr. Angellini! Mr. Barton, I have never wanted floodlights for any purpose, and certainly not as a protection against burglars, who know quite well that convents are not worth robbing! If I need protection, it is against Mr. Angellini!

MR. BARTON. Do you mean that he deliberately misled me?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Misleading people is his favorite occupation! And a very profitable one. Mr. Barton, do you know what the Angelus is?

MR. BARTON. Isn't it that bell that rings in the morning and the evening?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Exactly. And at noon. As it has to ring punctually, we entrust the duty of ringing it to one of the sisters who isn't too busy to notice the time. But Mr. Angellini, although he knew that it would be useless to me, installed an electrical device by which I could ring the Angelus by pushing that button on my desk! At a cost, I may add, of several hundred dollars!

MR. BARTON. Do you ever use the thing?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Oh, I wouldn't dare to. Sister Agatha has that office. And she greatly enjoys pulling the ropes.

MR. BARTON. Then we shall delete the floodlights.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. If only we could delete Mr. Angellini!

[*They laugh.*]

MR. BARTON. Mother, my chief purpose in coming was to apologize for that deplorable article about Professor Pearson.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Yes, you stirred up quite a lot of excitement while I was gone, didn't you?

MR. BARTON. It was wretched luck! [*Rising and crossing down Left, returning to behind chair below table.*] My

Managing Editor was ill. If he had been on the job, the original attack on Pearson would never have been printed. But unfortunately the man who replaced him was delighted to get hold of what he thought was sensational copy!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. He was quite right! It was sensational! By the way, have you discovered who began the rumor about Mr. Pearson?

MR. BARTON. No. That is, we don't know her name, because our reporter refused to divulge it, but she was one of your students.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Hardly college material, I think!

MR. BARTON. I agree! She told our reporter that Pearson was undoubtedly a Communist. She quoted several things that he had said in recent lectures which sounded radical and, without investigating, our young man turned out his lurid story. Then the other newspapers took it up, and poor Pearson was damned on three front pages before anyone had the decency to ask him what his views actually were. I suppose you read all the articles?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Yes, my secretary sent them to me.

MR. BARTON. [*Crossing to below table.*] I've been very unhappy about the whole affair. I have the deepest respect for your religion, and I hate the feeling that I have, though involuntarily, done it a disservice.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I don't think you have— In my opinion, this tempest in a tea-pot has been a very good thing. It gave Mr. Pearson an excellent opportunity to

present his views, and they happen to be the views of the Catholic Church.

MR. BARTON. [*Gravely, after a moment's pause.*] Mother Hildebrand, I take it that you haven't talked to Bishop Gregory since you returned.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. No, but I am seeing him this morning.

MR. BARTON. I'm afraid you'll find that the Bishop doesn't share your opinion of Mr. Pearson.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. What is the Bishop's opinion?

MR. BARTON. That he is a disturbing influence in the college. And—

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Yes?

MR. BARTON. And that he must be removed.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. This is not just a rumor?

MR. BARTON. No, I have sources of information which are—reliable.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I see.

MR. BARTON. Well, no doubt the Bishop has excellent reasons for feeling as he does.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I shall be interested to hear what they are!

MR. BARTON. Yes, I imagine that your whole interview with the Bishop will be full of interest.

[PROFESSOR THOMAS PEARSON *appears in the doorway. He is a young man under thirty who gives the misleading impression that he is shy.*]

TOMMY. Mother Hildebrand!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Rising and turning upstage to greet him.*] Come in, come in! [*He comes down Center to shake hands with her before the Center chair.*] I am delighted to see you!

TOMMY. Thank you, Mother. It's wonderful to have you back.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Well, you look quite unscathed!

TOMMY. Oh, it was all very enjoyable.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Laughing and then speaking across* TOMMY *to* MR. BARTON.] Mr. Barton, I'm not sure that you have met Mr. Pearson.

MR. BARTON. [*In unconcealed astonishment.*] Mr. Pearson! [*He laughs at the incongruity between* TOMMY'S *mild appearance and the fuss he stirred up.*]

TOMMY. [*Going to shake hands below the table.*] How do you do, sir?

MR. BARTON. How do you do? [*They shake hands.*] I hope you'll forgive me for saying that I expected you to be a more violent looking person.

[TOMMY *looks puzzled, and* MOTHER HILDEBRAND *smiles.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Mr. Barton is the publisher of the *Morning Post,* Mr. Pearson.

TOMMY. [*Turning back to* MR. BARTON.] Oh, I see! Yes, I'm afraid that I used rather violent language when I was being interviewed.

MR. BARTON. I don't blame you! [*Turns to* MOTHER HILDEBRAND, *picking hat off table.*] I'm afraid I must be going, Mother. [*He goes up to Left side of doorway.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I shall come with you to the entrance.

[*Crossing above Center chair,* TOMMY *following to up Right Center.*]

MR. BARTON. That isn't in the least necessary.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*In doorway.*] It is for Mr. Pearson's purposes! He doesn't come to see me, Mr. Barton, but my secretary! You can have exactly five minutes with her, Mr. Pearson!

TOMMY. Five minutes are worth having!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Jerking her leather belt into position.*] One sometimes forgets how painful it is to be young!

[MOTHER HILDEBRAND *and* MR. BARTON *go out, and* TOMMY *immediately forgets them. He stands for a moment, looking at the door of the little office as if it were itself a thing of enchantment, then slowly goes up to it and knocks. Mary's voice calls, "Come in!" and he opens the door.* MARY *is standing at one of the filing cabinets. She turns to him, joyfully, running into his arms.*]

MARY. Tommy! [TOMMY *takes her in his arms. After a moment she draws away from him.*] You shouldn't be here! You have a class!

TOMMY. I cut the last fifteen minutes. I had to see you.

MARY. Why? What's the matter?

TOMMY. [*Holding her hands.*] Nothing. I just wanted to see you.

MARY. Oh, Tommy, you idiot! [*Looks to the room.*] Where's Mother Hildebrand?

TOMMY. She's being a gentleman, and giving us five minutes together.

MARY. Thank Heaven! It was awful not seeing you yesterday.

TOMMY. For me too! I loathed every minute of it.

MARY. Were you good?

TOMMY. [*Going down to sit on the Left corner of desk.*] Darling, I was wonderful! I had them eating out of my hand.

MARY. [*Swinging chair Left of desk out to sit facing him.*] Of course you did!

TOMMY. I talked for an hour, and no one moved!

MARY. Grand!

TOMMY. They invited me to come back next year.

MARY. To teach?!

TOMMY. No, to give another lecture.

MARY. Oh! But they would want you to teach, if they thought you were available, wouldn't they?

TOMMY. No, they've got a full faculty. Why?

MARY. I just wondered. I'd like you to be at a big university.

TOMMY. Oh, they're very dull! Full of politics. And discretion! They're always worried about what the trustees are going to say. I can do more here, where I'm free.

MARY. But if you ever wanted to make a change, you could easily get another job, couldn't you?

TOMMY. Perhaps in a few years, when I've made a reputation, but not now.

MARY. Why not?

TOMMY. The woods are full of bright young men who want to teach history. I'm exceedingly lucky to have fallen into this.

MARY. It was lucky for me! Just think, I might never have met you!

TOMMY. [*His hand in her hair.*] Nonsense! God arranges these things.

MARY. It was very nice of Him to arrange this.

TOMMY. [*Leaning to her.*] And to arrange you! I thank Him every morning.

MARY. Do you?

TOMMY. In detail! I thank Him for your mind, and your heart, and your beauty. If I'm not pressed for time, I even thank Him for little things, like your hands. [*He takes one up and kisses it.*] Which are very little indeed.

MARY. Tommy, why do we wait? Why don't we get married at once?

TOMMY. You know why. Because we can't afford it.

MARY. But you'll be out of debt in another month!

TOMMY. That's in another month!

MARY. Well, what do you owe? A hundred dollars! I could write out a cheque for that much today! And I'd like to.

TOMMY. I know you would, dear. But you've got to be patient with me. I just have a complex. I won't take money from you, and I won't marry you until I can afford to keep you!

MARY. But that's stuffy!

TOMMY. All right, I am stuffy.

MARY. You're not! You're everything that's adorable. But I could kill you!

TOMMY. [*Rises laughing and kisses the top of her head.*] I don't wonder. But darling, we only have to wait a month.

MARY. Then what if something happens? What if you—lose your job?

TOMMY. [*Hands in pockets.*] The Dean won't fire me for leaving a class early. [MARY *laughs.*] In any case, I'm under contract. She's got to pay me until the end of the year.

MARY. [*Rising to him, hands on his lapels.*] That's true! And we will get married next month, won't we—no matter what happens?

TOMMY. [*Cupping her elbows in his hands.*] Yes, no matter what happens.

MARY. Do you promise?

TOMMY. What is it, darling? What's frightened you?

MARY. [*Turning away and crossing to Left Center table.*] Nothing— It's only a rumor.

TOMMY. What rumor?

MARY. [*Turning to face him, leaning back against table.*] That the Bishop doesn't like you.

TOMMY. [*Taking a step toward her.*] That's all right. I'm not sure that I like the Bishop!

MARY. There's a difference. You can't fire him.

TOMMY. Oh, it's like that?

MARY. Yes.

TOMMY. This is very interesting! What brought it on?

MARY. [*Standing up.*] All that talk in the newspapers about your being a Communist.

TOMMY. [*Throwing his hands up in despair and crossing below and behind desk to above it.*] Well, hell! I even convinced the Hearst paper that I wasn't a Communist! What does it take to convince my own Bishop?!

MARY. I wouldn't know.

TOMMY. [*Above the desk.*] Well, I'll go to see him and tell him not to be a chump.

MARY. And what if he persists in being a chump?

TOMMY. I'll sic Mother Hildebrand on him. Then he'll be sorry!

MARY. He's coming to see Mother this morning. That's why I'm frightened.

TOMMY. [*After a moment's worried silence, coming around to the front of the desk, flicking the corner with*

his forefinger.] I see. [*He comes down on a line with* MARY *and leans against the desk, crossing his feet and assuming a more cheerful expression.*] Oh, he probably just wants to discuss how wide the red carpet should be that they're going to unroll for the Papal Legate. By the way, I'm going to look magnificent!

MARY. [*Pretending to play along with him.*] Cap and gown?

TOMMY. Complete with colored hood. It does lovely things for my eyes.

MARY. [*Crossing to him.*] Nit-wit!

TOMMY. The faculty is marching into the chapel in procession, according to academic rank. As I am the only Ph.D. among the lay members, I shall be sitting in one of the front pews, with the nuns. But you won't have any trouble picking me out. I'll be the one who isn't wearing a veil.

MARY. So you are worried?!

TOMMY. A little. I'm still afraid that I'll kneel down when everyone else is standing, and you know how I hate to make a fool of myself.

MARY. Whenever you rattle on like this, about nothing in particular, it's always a sign that something's wrong.

TOMMY. [*Standing up and sobering.*] Well, you're right! [*Crossing below her to Center.*] It would be awkward, if I lost my job.

MARY. [*Going to him and locking her arms through his left one as he faces upstage.*] Dear, why do we worry about money?

TOMMY. The fact is, you've been unlucky enough to fall in love with a very worthless kind of man.

MARY. [*Dipping her head against his shoulder.*] I've fallen in love with a really great man.

TOMMY. [*Enjoying the picture.*] Tell that to the Bishop, darling.

MARY. [*Turning angrily away to below the chair Left of the desk and picking up a pencil from the desk.*] Damn the Bishop!

TOMMY. [*Smiling.*] I'm not absolutely sure that a devout Catholic ought to say, "damn the Bishop!"

MARY. I'm not absolutely sure that I'm a devout Catholic.

TOMMY. I'll give you the benefit of the doubt.

MARY. [*Turning to face him.*] If the Bishop makes trouble for you, there won't be any doubt. I'll leave the Church.

TOMMY. Don't say things like that, darling.

MARY. Why shouldn't I?

TOMMY. Because you're not vulgar. And it's extremely vulgar to make preposterous threats, merely to relieve a feeling of irritation.

MARY. I happened to mean it, Tommy. If the Bishop makes trouble for you, I shall leave the Church.

TOMMY. [*Facing her by Center chair.*] That's very interesting. That means that you'll be leaving me, too.

MARY. Does it?

TOMMY. I'm afraid so. [*Smiles.*] We can check up, of course, but I don't think I could get a dispensation to marry an apostate.

MARY. It won't make any difference to you what the Bishop does? It won't shake your faith in the Church?

TOMMY. Certainly not!

MARY. [*Slamming pencil down on desk and crossing below desk to down Right window.*] I hate converts! You're all so damned submissive!

TOMMY. [*Going to upstage end of desk and leaning on it.*] I rather dislike born Catholics! You're all so damned unimaginative! Because you happened to inherit your faith, you can't conceive what it means not to have it. If you had spent most of your life living in a universe which seemed to have no purpose, you wouldn't speak of leaving the Church as if it meant just leaving a room!

MARY. [*Turning and coming out to corner of desk.*] Don't be stupid! No one's faith is perfect. We all have doubts from time to time. If the Bishop does this to you, it will simply confirm my doubts.

TOMMY. [*Beginning a tirade, coming down front of desk to face her.*] I love that! It shows such a sweeping intelligence! Two thousand years of Christianity have no weight, and no significance! In your arrogance—

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Enters, sees the situation, and promptly interrupts from below doorway.*] Mr. Pearson! [TOMMY *stops and turns to face her.* MARY *turns front.*] Forgive me for interrupting you, but when anyone is discussing Christianity in such a loud voice, I always suspect that the cause of Christianity is not being advanced.

TOMMY. I'm sorry. I didn't realize that I was shouting. [*Takes a deep breath, glances back at* MARY.] I suppose I'd better go. [*He starts up.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Stopping him up Center.*] If you two have been quarreling, you'd better not go! It's well to get these things settled.

MARY. [*Unhappily.*] This isn't a thing that can be settled.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Oh, it's as bad as that! [*Very briskly.*] Mr. Pearson, when is your next class?

TOMMY. At one-thirty.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Then you may take Mary out for lunch now.

MARY. I'm not sure that I want to be taken.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Go and get your things, and stop being a silly child! [MARY *hesitates.*] Will you go?

MARY. [*Crossing Right of desk to office.*] I'll get my things, Tommy, but you don't have to take me, if you don't want to.

TOMMY. [*Turning upstage.*] Of course I want to! [MARY *goes off, closing door, and* TOMMY *turns to* MOTHER HILDEBRAND.] But I'm afraid it won't do any good.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. It will.

TOMMY. This wasn't an ordinary quarrel.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. No quarrel ever seems ordinary, but they're as alike as two peas. And if you throw in moral indignation, which I take it you were doing, they can go on forever! [TOMMY *smiles.*] I suppose this whole

thing came out of Mary's fear of what the Bishop's visit may mean?

TOMMY. [*Startled.*] Yes!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. And I suppose she is going to leave the Church if he is unreasonable?

TOMMY. [*More startled.*] Yes!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I was afraid of it.

TOMMY. But she *can't* mean it!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Oh, but she can. It's happened before, and always to people like Mary. Generous, and good—and young! It's their youth that gives Satan a handle to grasp. When we're old, we're less vulnerable, because we're less innocent. We expect so little that we're seldom disappointed. We hardly notice imperfection. But to an ardent girl like Mary, one fault, one single act of injustice,—such as the Bishop *might* be guilty of, would be intolerable. It could blot out those two thousand years of Christianity that you were being eloquent about as I came in.

TOMMY. Then what can we do?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. We can pray!

TOMMY. I'll do that!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Crossing to him.*] And don't harangue her at lunch! Just tell her that you love her. [*Crossing above him to behind desk.*] That will have more weight than a thousand nicely balanced arguments!

TOMMY. [*Turning after her.*] And what will have weight with the Bishop?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. His own good sense. And possibly me. [*She sits.*]

TOMMY. Yes, possibly you. I'm extremely grateful to you.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Collecting downstage letters and putting them in front of her.*] Time enough to talk about gratitude when this is settled.

MARY. [*Enters, closing door and coming between them.*] I'm ready, Tommy.

TOMMY. [*Crossing to doorway.*] Oh, good.

MARY. What time will you want me, Mother?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I'd rather like you to be here when the architect comes. But if you're enjoying yourself, and not quarreling, I shan't mind if you're late.

MARY. Thank you, Mother—for everything!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Run along. [MARY *goes off, stalking rather angrily past* TOMMY, *waiting in the doorway. Deflated, he then follows.* MOTHER HILDEBRAND *signs the top letter on the pile* MARY *has left, then picks up the telephone.*] Sister, please tell Sister Monica that I can see her now if she's free— Oh, she is?—Thank you, Sister.

[*She hangs up and resumes signing for a moment before* SISTER MONICA *enters. She is the Dean, a very vigorous nun with a characteristically booming voice.*]

SISTER MONICA. Good morning, Mother. Forgive me for interrupting you.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I was expecting you, Sister Monica. And I'm very glad to see you.

SISTER MONICA. [*Crossing from up Center to behind the chair Left of the desk.*] I'm certainly glad to see you, Mother. *We are in a mess!*

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Amused, as she usually is by the Dean.*] Indeed? Sister Lucy told me that everything had gone on splendidly.

SISTER MONICA. What Sister Lucy doesn't know, bless her heart, would fill a large book! The Bishop is in arms about Professor Pearson!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. You're the third person who's told me so. There must be some truth in it.

SISTER MONICA. He's going to make us fire him!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. So I hear, but I don't believe it.

SISTER MONICA. [*Coming around chair Left of desk and sitting.*] Oh, it's true enough. I had it from his secretary last night.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. We shall soon know. The Bishop will be here at eleven-thirty.

SISTER MONICA. Well, I tell you plainly, Mother, I think his attitude is outrageous! [*Slaps desk.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Sister!

SISTER MONICA. [*Rapidly.*] Quite apart from any consideration of justice, or decency, or charity, all of which bear upon the case, there is the question of my college. Who would replace Mr. Pearson? Not Sister Clement! She's excellent in her own field, but as you well know, she's hardly aware that anything's happened in the world since 1500! We cannot entrust Modern European History to a woman who hasn't yet noticed the Atomic

Bomb! Sister Martha is so overloaded now that I am already concerned about her health, and Sister Catherine can't possibly undertake more than the Freshman classes!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Vainly trying to interrupt.*] Sister, I think—

SISTER MONICA. You are going to tell me that this is not an insurmountable difficulty, and I quite agree with you. I can engage another lay professor. True. I can write to the Graduate Schools of the various universities, as I did two years ago, and having interviewed hundreds of applicants, I can accept one. But it will not be another Mr. Pearson! To apply to him Thomas Jefferson's apt remark about Benjamin Franklin, Mr. Pearson can be succeeded. He cannot be replaced!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Perhaps, Sister, if you were to—

SISTER MONICA. But what is *most* objectionable to me in the Bishop's attitude is the implication that we are incapable of managing our own institution! If he thinks that we are not successful educators, why did he urge us to establish the college?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Laughing.*] Sister, I must remind you that Bishop Gregory was a very small boy when we opened the college. It was under the old Bishop that we began.

SISTER MONICA. Yes! And he never interfered with us! [*Rising and crossing to Center.*] And I will not tolerate interference now!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Not amused.*] You will not tolerate it! May I remind you, Sister, that you, like myself, are under a vow of obedience! We will bear what

God requires us to bear, with patience, and humility, and confidence in His Wisdom!

SISTER MONICA. [*Appalled, as she realizes her iniquity; turning to face her.*] I beg your pardon, Mother!

MOTHER. I am not inclined to grant it! It appears to me that your interest in the college has become a source of vanity to you. Please remember that it has prospered, not because of our efforts, but because it was God's will!

SISTER MONICA. [*Unhappily.*] I do remember it, Mother. But you are quite right. My interest in the college has become inordinate. I am afraid that its success is dangerously dear to me. [*Looking away Left.*] Perhaps you will consent to change my office, and give me an employment in which there would be less temptation to vanity.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Rising to above desk.*] I shall change your office when I consider that you are no longer discharging its duties satisfactorily! [*Smiles compassionately; going to* SISTER MONICA, *patting her arms.*] Come now, Sister, lift up your spirits! We have work to do before the Bishop arrives! [*Her tone causes* SISTER MONICA *to look up hopefully*—MOTHER HILDEBRAND *turns* SISTER MONICA *around.*] When the Bishop has given us a clear command, we will have no choice but to obey it. [*In a stronger voice.*] But until then, we are quite free! Now tell me, when did the Bishop make this decision about Mr. Pearson?

SISTER MONICA. Yesterday.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Had he previously consulted you?

SISTER MONICA. [*Sniffing the smoke of battle, and becoming herself again.*] At no point!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Has he had a personal interview with Mr. Pearson, since the trouble began?

SISTER MONICA. No! To the best of my knowledge, he has not seen Mr. Pearson since our Commencement Exercises last May!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Then it appears that he is acting precipitately.

SISTER MONICA. No doubt of it!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Strange! He's not an impetuous person.

SISTER MONICA. Impetuous! He left St. John's without a Pastor for six months, and he still hasn't filled St. Timothy's!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Severely, as she suspects that* SISTER MONICA *is being uncharitable.*] We must consider ourselves fortunate, Sister, in having such a prudent Bishop! [*With a slight change of voice, crossing briskly to behind desk.*] And we must try to prevent him from doing something which he has not had time to consider properly, and which he would ultimately regret having done. We must arrange to have him meet Mr. Pearson, so that he can satisfy himself that the charges made against him are groundless. [*Sitting.*] At that interview, I think it will be well to have Monsignor Burke present.

SISTER MONICA. [*Crossing to face* MOTHER HILDEBRAND *across desk.*] Excellent! Monsignor Burke can do anything with the Bishop!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. He undoubtedly has great influence. And I believe that he respects Mr. Pearson.

SISTER MONICA. [*Sitting.*] He loves the boy!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. But before the Bishop meets Mr. Pearson, we will ask Mrs. Kirner to put in a good word for him.

SISTER MONICA. Of course! Why didn't I think of it! If the Bishop won't listen to Mrs. Kirner, he won't listen to anyone! After all, she's going to raise a million dollars for his Seminary!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Amused.*] Not single-handed, Sister! The alumnae will give her a little assistance!

SISTER MONICA. But she's the dynamo! And the Bishop will think twice about refusing— [*She breaks off, and her face falls.*] Mother, there's no time! [*Produces a watch from under her bib.*] If the Bishop is coming at eleven-thirty, he will be here in one minute!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Yes, Sister. But he's leaving again at ten minutes to twelve, to go out of town. In the twenty minutes that he spends with us, surely we can focus his attention on other matters than Mr. Pearson! [*A smile breaks across* SISTER MONICA'S *face.*] What problems have arisen in the college, during my absence, which you would like to discuss with the Bishop?

SISTER MONICA. [*Rising and going below desk to telephone. Fervently and rapidly.*] Thank God for giving us you as Superior! One of our girls wants to enter a Beauty Contest! First I must tell them that I shan't meet my eleven-forty-five class! [*She takes up the telephone.*] Catholic papers all over the country have been saying that Beauty Contests are purely Pagan, and ought to be forbidden! [*At the telephone.*] Let me have the college, please. [*To* MOTHER HILDEBRAND.] That affair in

Wheeling stirred up a hornet's nest! [*At the telephone.*] Let me have the Dean's office, please. [*To* MOTHER HILDEBRAND.] But this contest is being sponsored by really decent people. And very important— [*At the telephone.*] This is Sister Monica— I'd like you to notify my 11:45 class,—it's Chemistry 1A, that I shan't be able to meet it today. But tell them to take the roll-call, and to utilize the time in study— Thank you. [*Hangs up.*] The fact is, the Bishop is going to find himself caught on the horns of a dilemma!

[*At this moment* SISTER LUCY *appears in the doorway, ushering in* BISHOP GREGORY *and his secretary,* FATHER BENTON.]

SISTER LUCY. [*In a voice of awe.*] Mother Hildebrand, the Bishop!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Ah, Bishop Gregory!

BISHOP GREGORY. Good morning, Mother Hildebrand.

[*The* BISHOP *is a man in the early forties. He is so terribly aware of the responsibilities that rest upon his shoulders that he habitually wears a frown, and consequently is looked upon as a very formidable person. To* MOTHER HILDEBRAND *he is not in the least formidable, but he is her Bishop, and so she rises as quickly as she can by the aid of the chair, goes up to meet him, and genuflects reverently as she kisses his ring.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*She goes to* FATHER BENTON, *down Left Center, a quiet, studious-looking young man.*] Good morning, Father Benton.

FATHER BENTON. Good morning, Mother. [*They bow to each other, during which* SISTER MONICA *kisses the Bishop's ring and clears down Right Center.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Down Center; facing upstage.*] Now I wonder in what chair you would be most comfortable, Bishop.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Taking Center chair.*] It's not of the slightest importance, Mother. Father Benton and I are so pressed for time—this will do nicely. [*He and* FATHER BENTON *hurriedly seat themselves;* FATHER BENTON *below table.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Crossing above Center chair.*] And where will you sit, Sister Monica?

SISTER MONICA. [*With a hesitation by no means typical of her.*] Wherever you wish me to sit, Mother.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Having weighed the matter, to the* BISHOP'S *obvious exasperation.*] Well—perhaps in the chair next to Father Benton's, then. [SISTER MONICA *crosses and sits down, Right of table and* MOTHER HILDEBRAND *slowly approaches the chair Left of desk, which she turns into the room.*]

BISHOP GREGORY. Mother Hildebrand, I hope your secretary told you that I am very limited for time.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Sitting.*] Yes, she did. She told me, I believe, that you are taking a plane at twelve-fifteen.

BISHOP GREGORY. Quite so. And I must leave here not later than ten minutes to twelve.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Will that give you enough time, Bishop?

BISHOP GREGORY. Oh, yes, ample! Mother, the matter—

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I shouldn't want you to miss your plane. I know how irritating that experience can be, be-

cause Sister Athanasius and I missed one just two weeks ago, on our way to Colorado.

BISHOP GREGORY. Indeed! My reason for coming—

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I must not forget to tell you that Bishop McGinley particularly asked me to give you his regards.

BISHOP GREGORY. Thank you, Mother.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. We had a delightful visit with him. He invited us to—

BISHOP GREGORY. Mother, when I am less pressed for time, I should be delighted to hear about your trip, but this morning I have come to discuss a problem of the utmost urgency.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Is it the Beauty Contest, Bishop Gregory?

BISHOP GREGORY. Beauty Contest! No! What do you mean?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. When I told Sister Monica that you were coming this morning, she determined to tell you about her problem, which will, I fear, ultimately be yours! It appears that there is to be a Beauty Contest, which one of our students wishes to enter. Sister, perhaps you will tell the Bishop about it—*very briefly!*

SISTER MONICA. Gladly! The facts are these. A local radio station, probably as a means of publicizing television, but that, of course, is pure conjecture, is sponsoring a Beauty Contest, the winner of which will be awarded a large prize in money as well as a year's study

—with all expenses guaranteed, of course—at a school to be selected by the winning contestant. This makes the contest attractive to girls who would not otherwise consider such a thing, and one of our students—one of our best students, a very interesting girl—of Italian extraction. Her father is the proprietor of a small restaurant downtown—a very good one, too. Some of our faculty have dined there, and—

BISHOP GREGORY. Sister, I wonder if we could dispense with some of those details?

SISTER MONICA. Certainly, Bishop. Well, our student is very eager to enter the contest, *but* as the Bishop of Wheeling recently threatened to excommunicate any girl in his diocese who entered such a contest, we thought it advisable to consult you before our student formally entered her name. It is true, of course, that the present feeling of the Church is strongly opposed to these exhibitions, and small wonder! They are necessarily undignified and in their very essence uncharitable. *But* it appears that this one is to be conducted in such a special manner that condemnation of it might seem to be purely arbitrary. And unfortunately, in this case, condemnation would almost certainly antagonize the radio networks, to whom we have frequently turned for assistance —and never turned in vain! And that, Bishop, is our dilemma, in a word!

BISHOP GREGORY. These dreadful problems! And it is as you say, the radio networks have been generosity itself. Father, do you know anything about the contest?

FATHER BENTON. No, Bishop, nothing.

BISHOP GREGORY. How regrettable!

FATHER BENTON. I can, of course, make inquiries about it.

BISHOP GREGORY. Please do. Let me have the fullest information about it.

FATHER BENTON. Yes, Bishop.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Turning to* MOTHER HILDEBRAND.] Of course, it may be that this particular contest is free from any of the usual objectionable elements.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Exactly! And I know how reluctant you would be to make a decision that would have even the appearance of an injustice.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Sighing, and intensifying his frown.*] Yes. In these matters one must go slowly and carefully.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Nodding comfortably.*] Sifting evidence, weighing opinions, waiting for time to exercise its wisdom.

BISHOP GREGORY. Unfortunately some problems demand an immediate solution. The problem that I have come to discuss with you, Mother, is of that nature. It concerns a lay professor in your college, Mr. Pearson.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. An admirable young man. Sister Monica is very pleased with him. Are you not, Sister?

SISTER MONICA. Very! *Young* as he is, he is the most *valuable* member of our faculty. In my opinion—

BISHOP GREGORY. Forgive me for interrupting you, Sister, but I have very little time. I know that you value Professor Pearson, and I respect your judgment. But facts that have recently come to my attention have forced me to the conclusion that he is a disturbing influence in your college.

SISTER MONICA. Disturbing! Quite the reverse! He is a tower of strength to me! Well liked—

BISHOP GREGORY. Again I must apologize for interrupting you, Sister. And I must ask you to permit me to complete my thought!

SISTER MONICA. I beg your pardon, Bishop.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*The* BISHOP *bows gravely, then continues; turning chair to face* MOTHER HILDEBRAND.] I am afraid there is no question that he has had an unsettling effect upon his students. One of them actually gained the impression, from his lectures, that he was a Communist. Were you informed of that, Mother Hildebrand?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. In detail! Sister Monica wrote to me daily while the newspaper controversy was raging, and my secretary sent me all of the clippings. They demonstrated that Mr. Pearson was definitely *not* a Communist.

BISHOP GREGORY. And yet it was possible for one of his students, who had heard him, to believe that he *was* a Communist! That is a proof, I think, that his tone is dangerous.

SISTER MONICA. It is a proof that students are incredibly stupid! And that is a proposition which needs no proof, as you would know if you had taught Chemistry for fifteen years!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Smiling, and holding up her hand to quiet* SISTER MONICA.] I am afraid, Bishop, that even the Archangel Gabriel would be misunderstood by a certain proportion of any class which he addressed.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Also smiling.*] I grant you that, Mother. But what troubles me is not the young women who do not understand Mr. Pearson, but those who *do* understand him. And they, I gather, are in a decided majority.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. That, at least, is gratifying!

BISHOP GREGORY. Not from every point of view. He's agitated them mentally, Mother!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Isn't that the object of a teacher, Bishop? To stir up his students' minds?

BISHOP GREGORY. Not as he's done it! He has them worrying about private property, and wealth, and their duty in a society in which there is economic inequality.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Then he has them worrying about questions which have absorbed Christians for two thousand years! That, I take it, ought to be the function of a professor in a Catholic college.

BISHOP GREGORY. But by his emphasis, he is troubling his students' consciences,—making them uncomfortable!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Moral awakenings are always uncomfortable, but they frequently give us saints!

BISHOP GREGORY. I am afraid that what Mr. Pearson is apt to give us is a group of young women who are tortured by scrupulosity!

SISTER MONICA. Bishop Gregory, if you knew young women today, that would be the last of your fears!

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Turning to* SISTER MONICA.] I will not argue the point with you, Sister. I will merely tell you that I have come to the conclusion, as a result of con-

versations which I have had recently with the fathers of some of the students, that Mr. Pearson's contract must be—

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Rising.*] Bishop Gregory, forgive me for interrupting you, but I find this chair too low. The chair at my desk is better for me. [*She crosses to her desk chair and sits.*] You were saying, Bishop, that you had recently talked with the fathers of some of our students. Did they complain of Mr. Pearson?

BISHOP GREGORY. Vehemently!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Isn't it curious that they troubled you, instead of going to the Dean?

BISHOP GREGORY. The gentlemen are serving on a Committee which happened to meet the night before last, and they took advantage of our being together to mention their dissatisfaction with Mr. Pearson.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Then no doubt they mean to discuss the matter with Sister Monica later on.

BISHOP GREGORY. No, Mother. I told them that I would spare them that trouble. I felt so completely in sympathy with their point of view, that I gladly consented to adopt their cause as my own.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Bishop Gregory, may I ask how many gentlemen complained of Mr. Pearson?

BISHOP GREGORY. Certainly. Three.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Three! And Professor Pearson has no less than three hundred students! Doesn't it seem obvious that the weight of opinion is on Mr. Pearson's side?

BISHOP GREGORY. Numerically, perhaps.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. And is a second-hand report, from three parents whose capability for making a judgment we cannot assess, of more value to you than my conviction that Mr. Pearson is eminently satisfactory?

BISHOP GREGORY. As you well know, Mother, I have the highest regard for your opinion.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Rising.*] Then I trust that you will be influenced by it now.

BISHOP GREGORY. I am sorry, Mother—

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Going above the desk.*] To this extent, at least! That you will have a personal interview with Mr. Pearson before you commit yourself to any view of him!

BISHOP GREGORY. I am extremely sorry, Mother, but it cannot be. I have already reached a decision. It was a painful one, I assure you, for I dislike to interfere in the affairs of your order. [*As* MOTHER HILDEBRAND *realizes that the* BISHOP *is about to give a command, she puts her hand on the desk, to give herself support. In doing so, she brushes against the push-button. Her expression changes, and she keeps her eye fixed on the button as the* BISHOP *continues.*] But I have no choice.

SISTER MONICA. Bishop Gregory!

BISHOP GREGORY. The spiritual guidance of this diocese has been entrusted to me, and it is my duty to exercise my authority according to my own lights. [MOTHER HILDEBRAND *raises her hand, hesitates, and then firmly pushes the button. Immediately a bell can be heard toll-*

ing in the distance. Turning to MOTHER HILDEBRAND.] Consequently, Mother, I must request you to—

FATHER BENTON. [*Leaning forward.*] Bishop! Listen! Surely that is the Angelus?

[*They* ALL *listen.*]

SISTER MONICA. [*Rapturously.*] It *is* the Angelus!

BISHOP GREGORY. Good Heaven! How is it possible! [*Springs to his feet—goes up, then Right to* MOTHER HILDEBRAND.] Father, come! Mother Hildebrand, you will forgive an unceremonious departure, but it is only too probable that I shall miss my plane!

FATHER BENTON. [*Rising and running into hall.*] We can still make it, if traffic's not too heavy!

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Hurrying after him.*] Pray Heaven you're right! [*Turning back in doorway.*] Mother Hildebrand, I shall talk with you on Friday.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Following to doorway.*] I am at your service, Bishop.

[*The* BISHOP *and* FATHER BENTON *go off in extreme haste.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Going Right to above desk.*] Well, Sister, we have two more days! Much can be done in two days!

SISTER MONICA. [*Disregards this, for she is intent upon finding her watch. She looks at it, then speaks in an awed voice.*] Mother Hildebrand! It is the Angelus, but it has rung fifteen minutes before the hour!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Yes, Sister.

SISTER MONICA. This has never happened before. It is a miracle!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Yes, Sister. It is a miracle that God prepared ten years ago, with the help of Mr. Angellini!

[*She is looking happily at the button, and the Angelus is still tolling, as*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

ACT TWO

ACT TWO

SCENE: *The same.*
TIME: *Friday afternoon.*

When the Curtain rises, MARY RENSHAW *is alone in the room. She is seated at Mother Hildebrand's desk, and is making notations on a large sheet of paper as she systematically goes through a pile of letters. She is absorbed in her work, and does not see* TOMMY PEARSON *enter. He glances about the room, and then speaks in a hesitant voice.*

TOMMY. [*Behind Center chair.*] Hello.

MARY. [*Speaking in a toneless voice.*] Can I do something for you?

TOMMY. I have an appointment with Mother Hildebrand.

MARY. That's at three o'clock, with the Bishop.

TOMMY. Mother told me to be here at two-thirty.

MARY. There's some mistake. She's in the chapel now, and doesn't want to be disturbed until Monsignor Burke comes.

TOMMY. She definitely told me to be here at two-thirty.

MARY. [*With offensive politeness.*] Then perhaps I am mistaken. [*She goes on with her work, and after a slight*

hesitation TOMMY *goes to up Left corner of desk. There is a little silence.*]

TOMMY. Are you busy?

MARY. [*Not looking up.*] Yes.

TOMMY. [*After a pause.*] Very busy?

MARY. [*Looking up, with restrained irritation.*] I'm doing something rather complicated, and if you don't mind, I'd rather not be interrupted.

TOMMY. I'm sorry. [*There is another silence in which he walks away up Left glancing back at her, hurt. He takes out a cigarette, lights it, starts to throw match in fireplace, gets idea for excuse to speak to her and returns to Center.*] I wonder where I can find an ashtray?

MARY. [*Looking up.*] There isn't one. People don't usually smoke in Mother Hildebrand's office.

TOMMY. Well, you might have told me so, for God's sake!

MARY. They don't usually swear, either. [*Back to work.*]

[TOMMY *presses the cigarette out on the sole of his shoe, stamps on the resulting sparks, and throws the cigarette stub in the waste-basket. Then he looks down at* MARY.]

TOMMY. Stop pretending to be busy. I want to talk to you.

MARY. [*In a rather menacing voice.*] I am not pretending. I am busy, and I don't want to talk to you! [*Puts down her pencil and looks up.*] In fact, we might as well get this settled now. I never want to talk to you again!

TOMMY. Mary, if you knew how much I regretted the things I said! You can't think worse things about me

than I think of myself. I've been unhappier in these last two days than I've ever been in my life.

MARY. All right, now you've said everything that needs to be said. Let's leave it at that!

TOMMY. No.

MARY. Then if you won't go, I will. I can finish this in the office.

[*She starts to gather up her papers, stands up, but* TOMMY *comes behind the desk and stands between her and the pile of letters, puts hands on papers, half-sitting on up Right corner of desk.*]

TOMMY. I won't let you go until you've listened to me. Darling, that episode the other day was simply bad luck! It was the kind of thing that happens to two people who love each other very much when they are under a strain. We both said things that we didn't mean, and we were both at fault.

MARY. Not equally!

TOMMY. I admit that. And I have no defense.

MARY. It really doesn't matter. [*She starts to collect papers, but he stands and takes her shoulders and holds her.*] Let me go. [*She struggles.*]

TOMMY. No.

MARY. You don't seem to realize how I feel about you. We could talk for a million years, and it would make no difference. We're finished! Now let me go!

TOMMY. I'll let you go if you can tell me that you don't love me.

MARY. I don't!

TOMMY. Not like that. Say the whole sentence, "I don't love you!"

MARY. [*Unhappily, after a hesitation—looking down and away.*] I can't.

TOMMY. I knew it, because I couldn't either. I tried.

MARY. Poor Tommy!

TOMMY. Not poor now! [*He takes her in his arms.*]

MARY. [*Drawing away from him, after a moment.*] This is insane!

TOMMY. It's the first sensible thing we've done in two days!

MARY. [*Really smiling.*] It isn't sensible in this—railway station!

TOMMY. Oh! Well, let's get out of it!

MARY. I can't. I haven't finished, and Sister Agatha is waiting for the list.

TOMMY. How long will it take?

MARY. [*Sitting.*] Just a few more minutes!

TOMMY. Then hurry, and we can get away for a minute before the Bishop comes.

MARY. All right. [TOMMY *sits on the arm of her chair, with his arm around her shoulder. She begins to work feverishly.*] But if Mother Hildebrand *does* want to see you—

TOMMY. I'll tell her that I was talking to the Pope on the

Long Distance! Darling, do you know how I discovered that I couldn't stop loving you?

MARY. No— Seat 1, Pew 10.

TOMMY. Well, I was thinking that it would really be great fun to be a Trappist Monk, but that—

MARY. [*Looking up.*] You were going to be a Trappist?

TOMMY. Yes.

MARY. [*Laughing.*] That was very impractical of you!

TOMMY. Not at all. I like austerity.

MARY. Maybe. But you don't like silence!

TOMMY. How do we know? I've never tried it.

MARY. [*Returning to her work.*] That's what I mean!

TOMMY. [*Deflated only momentarily.*] In any case it occurred to me that I wouldn't be allowed to write to you, to tell you what a successful monk I was making—

MARY. Oh, Lord, I've got Mr. Barton and the District Attorney in the same pew.

TOMMY. [*Resisting interruption.*] Remove the District Attorney.

MARY. Where shall I put him?

TOMMY. [*Dismissing him with finality.*] Down the nearest rat-hole! *Then* it occurred to me that nothing would be any fun if I couldn't tell you about it. And then I thought, "Well, God pity me, I simply have to face the fact. I can't stop loving the wench!" [*He leans and kisses the back of her neck.*]

MARY. [*Looking up quickly at the doorway.*] Be careful!

TOMMY. Relax. I've got the door covered. [*Rises and crosses behind her chair to above the desk.*] When you've finished, I want to show you a rave notice from the Syracuse paper about my speech on Tuesday.

MARY. [*Looking up delightedly.*] What does it say?

TOMMY. [*Having taken it out of his side pocket.*] It says that I was dynamic. And it quotes my peroration. The damn fools! There was a trick in it. Aren't you finished yet?

MARY. Just about. [*She gets back to it.*] Mrs. Kirner's so sweet. She won't mind being next to the Mayor.

TOMMY. [*Leaning over the desk to her.*] I wish you'd hurry! I want you to tell me that you love me.

MARY. Seat 5, Pew 20.

TOMMY. That isn't very eloquent!—Perhaps you'd rather just answer yes or no. Do you love me more than anyone in the world?

MARY. Yes.

TOMMY. Do you think I'm the most lovable person in the world?

MARY. [*Still deep in her work.*] No!

TOMMY. Did you understand the question?

MARY. Yes— And if we keep the last two pews for idiots who forget to send in their acceptance, that's that! [*She drops her pencil and looks up at him.*] It's very odd. Ten minutes ago, I didn't think I'd ever be happy again.

[*Putting her hand on his arm.*] And now I feel as if I'd never been happy before!

TOMMY. [*Covering her hand with his.*] Darling!

MARY. [*Rising and beginning to collect the papers.*] But it frightens me. What if we quarrel again?

TOMMY. [*Standing up straight.*] We won't.

MARY. [*Continuing her gathering.*] We're bound to. We'll always see things differently, and we'll always discuss them, and then we'll shout at each other, as we did on Wednesday.

TOMMY. [*Seriously, moving a step to behind the chair Left of the desk.*] No. Out of that cool, intellectual discussion we distilled a little grain of truth, which is that nothing could alter our love for each other. I think that will get us over some awkward patches.

MARY. [*Stopping work and looking at him seriously.*] The Bishop, for instance?

TOMMY. We don't even know that he's going to be difficult. He may be a little lamb. [MARY *snorts.*] And if he isn't, perhaps you will feel that a Church that has, at various times, included such people as St. Francis of Assisi and St. Vincent de Paul and Mother Hildebrand can't be discarded just because it embraces, at the moment, a stinker like Bishop Gregory.

MARY. [*Laughing.*] I do adore you!

TOMMY. That's all that matters.

MARY. [*Crossing above the desk and out to Right Center.*] Tommy, I want to talk to you—about the

Bishop. [*Turning beside the Center chair to face him.*] When you're seeing him this afternoon, *be tactful!*

TOMMY. I'm always tactful!

MARY. That's one of your favorite illusions—and I want you to promise me something.

TOMMY. What?

MARY. That you won't show off.

TOMMY. [*Slapping his thighs and turning angrily down to the lower end of the desk.*] Now, damn it, this is too much!—That's the one thing I've never done in my whole life!

MARY. You do it all the time! And you'd like nothing better than to convince the Bishop that you know more than he does.

TOMMY. [*Leaning complacently back against the desk, crossing his feet and taking out his key chain which he starts to twirl around his forefinger.*] I probably do.

MARY. I *know* you do! But do you have to tell him so? Darling, our happiness depends upon your making him like you. And he won't like you if you [*Indicating the twirling key chain.*] rattle your Phi Beta Kappa key in his eye, and tell him things he doesn't know himself about the Church!

TOMMY. [*Pocketing the key chain.*] If I'm that bad, perhaps I'd just better not see the Bishop.

MARY. [*Crossing to him.*] Tommy, all I'm asking is that you be nice to him. You do know more than other people, and that's very exasperating. [*He grins cockily.*] So please, please promise me you won't show off.

TOMMY. [*Standing up and taking her by the shoulders.*] I won't. I promise you. Look, dear, I'm not a moron, so I know what's at stake. If I were kicked out in the middle of a term, I'd be finished. So you can depend on it that I'll do my damndest.

MARY. Good!

TOMMY. [*Hurrying her below the desk to behind it.*] Now *hurry,* and we can still have a few minutes before the trial begins.

MARY. [*Hurriedly gathering the papers in her arms.*] All right. I'll just put these things away. [*Going up to her office with them.*] And we'll have to take the list to Sister Agatha.

TOMMY. [*Following her up to the office door and clapping his hands impatiently.*] All right, but come along!

[*At this moment,* SISTER LUCY *throws open the closed Right door and leads in* MONSIGNOR BURKE, *who steadies himself on her left arm and a cane. He is a very old man, who moves with difficulty, but the intelligence of his face indicates that his mental powers are still perfect.* SISTER LUCY *leads him down Center to the big chair Right of the Left Center table.*]

SISTER LUCY. Watch the little stool, Monsignor!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. I have my eye on it.

[TOMMY *and* MARY *stop short as they discover that their escape has been cut off.*]

MARY. [*Closing office door. In a depressed voice.*] Oh, Monsignor Burke! [*Recovering; crossing below him to his Left to help him into chair.*] How very nice to see you again!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Thank you, my dear. [*He kicks the stool at* MARY. *She and* SISTER LUCY *help him to sit down.*] That's better! [TOMMY *crosses to him, smiling.* MARY *pushes stool under table.*] And here's that worthless young man you're engaged to!

TOMMY. How are you, Monsignor?

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Well enough. Sister Lucy and I completed the journey from the front door in less than five minutes.

TOMMY. Excellent.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. We thought so. But then, Sister Lucy and I are easily pleased. Aren't we, Sister?

SISTER LUCY. Yes, Monsignor. Now I'll just run down to the chapel and tell Mother that you're here. [*Starts up.*]

MONSIGNOR BURKE. No, no, don't disturb her.

SISTER LUCY. [*Returning.*] She told me to, Monsignor. She told me to let her know the moment you came.

TOMMY. Mary and I were just going down! We could tell Mother Hildebrand that you're here!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Well, I'm early. And I never like to interrupt a sister at her prayers. Give Mother a few more minutes, Sister Lucy.

SISTER LUCY. Very well, Monsignor.

[*She goes off, and* TOMMY *and* MARY *exchange a glance of hopelessness.*]

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*Having made sure that* SISTER

LUCY *has gone.*] Do you know what Sister Lucy is? A saint!

MARY. Really? [*She sits down, but on the edge of a chair.*]

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Well, I can't prove it, but it's my own opinion. Some men enjoy picking out horses that can run very fast, and picking out men who can hit other men in a prize-ring. I amuse myself by trying to guess which of the people I meet are close to God. It's a harmless occupation for an old man! [TOMMY *and* MARY *smile. Laying stick on table.*] Well, now, tell me about yourselves!

TOMMY. What shall we tell you, Monsignor?

MONSIGNOR BURKE. For instance, where you were rushing off to when I spoiled everything by coming in?

MARY. You didn't! We—

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Humph! I never saw such a pair of long faces in my life! [TOMMY *and* MARY *laugh.*] It'd serve you right if I kept you here until the Bishop walked in! [TOMMY *and* MARY *laugh, and their faces brighten.*] But I won't! I'm much too kind! I'll let you go as soon as Mother Hildebrand comes.

MARY. [*Dejectedly.*] Oh!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Oh, that doesn't please you either!

TOMMY. The fact is, I had an appointment with Mother, but as she was late— [*His voice trails off.*]

MONSIGNOR BURKE. You thought you'd decamp! Well, I want a private word with her myself, so I'll get rid of

you when she comes, and let you attend to that pressing business!

MARY. [*Eagerly.*] Monsignor, do you think the Bishop will be reasonable about Tommy?

MONSIGNOR BURKE. I hope that Bishops are always reasonable! God gives them special grace with that in mind.

MARY. Does he give it to *all* Bishops?

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*Strongly.*] He does! [*With a change of voice.*] And some make use of it, and some don't!

TOMMY. [*Still standing Center.*] That's the trouble!

MARY. I know that Mother Hildebrand's worried!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. She didn't seem to be yesterday. I thought she was particularly calm.

MARY. She is! That's how I know she's worried! [*The* MONSIGNOR *chuckles.*] And she's spending a lot of time in the chapel. That's a very bad sign!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Since when has it been a bad sign for a woman dedicated to God to spend her time in the chapel!

MARY. [*Laughing.*] That didn't come out right, but I know what I meant!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. If I were you, I wouldn't worry because Mother Hildebrand was storming heaven for me. Her prayers have a way of being answered.

MARY. They were on Wednesday! The Bishop didn't have time to say what he wanted to!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*Dryly.*] So I understand!

MARY. It must have been terribly exciting! Sister Monica told me that he was just on the point of saying, "You've got to get rid of him!" when the Angelus rang!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*Amused.*] Very fortuitous!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Enters carrying prayer book. To Right of him.*] Monsignor, I hope you'll forgive me for keeping you waiting! [*As he attempts to get up.* MARY *rises.*] Don't think of rising, please!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*Sinking back.*] Indeed, thinking of it is the best I can do these days!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Even that is too much! [*Turns to* TOMMY.] Good afternoon, Mr. Pearson.

TOMMY. Good afternoon, Mother.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I've kept you waiting also, I'm afraid.

TOMMY. It was—no inconvenience.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Glances Left at* MARY.] I'm glad of that! Now what was it I wanted to see you about! [*Crossing above him to Left.*] Well, it will come to me. Do sit down! [TOMMY *sits down, looking despairingly at the* MONSIGNOR *who appears to have forgotten his existence.*] Mary, have you finished the list for Sister Agatha?

MARY. [*Crossing downstage to above chair Left of desk and picking up list.*] Yes, Mother. I was just going to take it to her.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Do make everything quite clear! This is being very difficult for her. And for all of us!

[*To the* MONSIGNOR *as* MARY *starts out.*] If I survive the celebration of my Jubilee, I don't see why I shouldn't live indefinitely! [*To* MARY.] Oh, and Mary, you'll not forget to see the Bursar about the pay roll?

MARY. No, Mother, I won't. [*Hesitates up Center, looking unhappy.*] Well, I suppose I'd better go. [*She starts to the door.*]

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Stop a minute, Mary. [*She stops at Right side of doorway, looking hopeful.*] I wonder, Mother, if you could dispense with Mr. Pearson for a few minutes. There's a little matter he'd like to attend to.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Certainly, Mr. Pearson. [TOMMY *rises to Right.*] But you'll not forget our appointment with the Bishop at three?

TOMMY. No, Mother! I'll be back long before he comes! [*Fervently, as he starts off.*] Thank you, Monsignor!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*Waving them out.*] Don't waste precious time! [TOMMY *and* MARY *go off, and he turns to* MOTHER HILDEBRAND.] I thought you told me they weren't speaking!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Coming out to Center.*] They weren't. They gave each other up for life on Wednesday! But I thought they might change their minds if they saw each other again, so I told him to be here when I knew I wouldn't be! [*The* MONSIGNOR *chuckles, and she sits Center.*] Now, Monsignor, tell me! You've talked to the Bishop. What do you think?

MONSIGNOR BURKE. I think we've got a good chance!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Thank heaven!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. It's not that good!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Oh.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. The worst thing against us is that the Bishop's already taken a position. You know how disinclined any of us are to admit that we were wrong.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Only too well!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Another bad thing is those three men. They seem to have great weight with the Bishop.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I was afraid so! You didn't find out who they were?

MONSIGNOR BURKE. No. I was on the point of doing it when a call came through for him on another line, and I had to hang up. But we've got a few things in our favor!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. We have you!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Yes, for what I'm worth! But we have two big points. The first is that the Bishop was willing to have Pearson meet with us today. I think we can depend upon young Pearson to present his case effectively. That quiet manner of his is very winning.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Yes, very.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. The second point in our favor is of course the strongest.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. That we happen to be right, and that the Bishop happens to be wrong?

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Exactly! But we mustn't let the Bishop know that he's been wrong!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Can we avoid it?

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Yes. We can make him realize that he was given incomplete information, on the basis of which he naturally reached an improper decision. That will make it easier for him to reach a new decision today!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Conspiratorially.*] Just so! [*Amused by her own tone.*] Ah, Monsignor, how strange it is, that we should be conspiring to make a good man, full of grace, do his duty!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. I am almost incapable of being surprised by the things that I am forced do in life.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I thought I was, but I see that I was wrong!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. There's something I must tell you before Sister Monica joins us. In talking with the Bishop this morning, I gathered that Sister Monica had rather irritated him on Wednesday.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Sister Monica? [*Thinks.*] Oh yes, I seem to remember that she interrupted him once or twice.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. He mentioned it. And her "dictatorial tone!"

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Oh, dear! That will never do!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. No. It's a tone that displeases ordinary men, and Bishops have a particularly sensitive ear!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. We must have a word with Sister! [*Amused at the thought of her.*] But I must admit, I have a great affection for her! She has such a clear, forceful mind!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Just tell her not to irritate him. We must remember that he is irascible.

SISTER LUCY. [*Enters to between them.*] I beg your pardon, Mother.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Yes, Sister?

SISTER LUCY. Mother Hildebrand, there is— [*Breaks off, looking confused.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. There is what, Sister?

SISTER LUCY. Well— Mrs. Kirner is here to see you.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Mrs. Kirner! Good! Bring her in at once!

SISTER LUCY. [*Looking quite miserable.*] That's the trouble! If Monsignor will forgive me, she said that she would like to see you alone!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Is that all! From your manner, Sister, I thought you were going to tell us that she had died! [*Starts to rise.*]

[SISTER LUCY *clears up Left.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Monsignor, don't disturb yourself, I beg you. Where is Mrs. Kirner now, Sister?

SISTER LUCY. In the little parlor.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I'll go to her there. [*Rising to him with suppressed excitement.*] Mrs. Kirner has been with the Bishop. Perhaps she'll have good news for us.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*Eagerly.*] About Tommy?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Yes. I won't be a moment. Sister, you'll remain with Monsignor?

SISTER LUCY. Yes, Mother.

[MOTHER HILDEBRAND *goes off, and the* MONSIGNOR *smiles as* SISTER LUCY *crosses nervously Right to up Right Center.*]

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Well, Sister, this will give me a chance to question you about the state of the nation.

SISTER LUCY. [*Terrified.*] I'm afraid I know very little about the nation, Monsignor.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. What?! Are you not interested in politics?

SISTER LUCY. I have so little time to think of them, Monsignor! My duties keep me very busy, and at recreation Mother likes us to occupy ourselves with serious things.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. The government of the nation is a very serious thing, Sister.

SISTER LUCY. Oh, yes, Monsignor, we know that! Indeed, we offer special prayers every day for the men who bear the burden of public office.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. They could do with a few prayers!

SISTER LUCY. [*Feeling happier, as she realizes that she is actually a keen politician.*] And just before election time each year, the entire community makes a special novena.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. For what candidates, Sister?

SISTER LUCY. [*Complacently.*] We leave that to God.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Now that is a happy thought!

SISTER LUCY. It was an idea of Mother's. A gentleman who was a great benefactor of our order told Mother

one day,—it was just before a presidential election, that the country was in a most precarious condition, and could hardly survive unless the candidate whom he was supporting was elected. And he asked her to urge all of the Sisters of the community to vote for that candidate.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Did she?

SISTER LUCY. No, she did something even better! She commanded them to make a novena to the Holy Ghost, to ask for guidance—and then to vote as they pleased!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*Laughs aloud.*] And how do you vote, Sister?

SISTER LUCY. At the end of the novena,—we begin it on the Feast of the great St. Teresa, I always go to one of the Sisters at the college, and she is good enough to prepare a list for me.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Then we must hope that *she* has been guided by the Holy Ghost!

SISTER LUCY. It can hardly be doubted, Monsignor. She is very pious.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Well, I am afraid there is evidence that the Holy Ghost doesn't invariably decide elections.

SISTER LUCY. Really, Monsignor? [*Recovering from her alarm.*] But we can't be sure of it, can we? God's ways are so mysterious.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Oh, you've noticed that, have you?

SISTER LUCY. Even in my own life! When I was young, I had an ambition. I wanted to be a Carmelite.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Did you, indeed?

SISTER LUCY. I thought I should die of unhappiness if I weren't allowed to enter that order, and I prayed very fervently that I would be accepted. But Father O'Neill, —you know old Father O'Neill, don't you?

MONSIGNOR BURKE. I think of him as young Father O'Neill, but I know him.

SISTER LUCY. Well, he was our Pastor at the time, and he told me that he thought I should become a Sister of St. Paul, to help the Sisters who were educating our Catholic young women. He was such a holy man that I knew I ought to obey him, so I entered the Novitiate here. Thinking, if you please, that I was making the greatest sacrifice that had ever been made! [*She laughs gaily as she remembers this vagary of of her extreme youth.*] And you see how it's turned out! I haven't had an unhappy moment since I crossed the threshold of the convent.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. I'm sure you haven't!

SISTER LUCY. It sometimes worries me.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. That you're happy?!

SISTER LUCY. Yes! We're told that we must take up our cross and follow Him! And I have never had a cross! [*Hopefully.*] But perhaps I will!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Don't count on it, Sister. It occasionally pleases God to show the world what felicity innocence can produce. It may be that He has chosen you for that purpose.

SISTER LUCY. [*Far from understanding what this means.*] Oh.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*Smiling.*] In any case, you must accept your happiness as His Will, and try not to murmur against it.

SISTER LUCY. Oh, I don't do that, Monsignor!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. That is a relief, Sister. [*He smiles, but looks up eagerly as* MOTHER HILDEBRAND *enters to Center Right of him.*] Well, Mother, what news?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Nothing good! Thank you, Sister. You may go now.

SISTER LUCY. Yes, Mother. [*She starts off, but stops as* MOTHER HILDEBRAND *speaks.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Sister, you'll not forget that you are to go to the chapel, after you have admitted the Bishop, and remain there for an hour?

SISTER LUCY. No, Mother.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Thank you, Sister.

[SISTER LUCY *goes off.*]

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Well, if you're going to bring Sister Lucy into this affair, what chance has the poor Bishop!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Looking grave.*] A very good chance! [*Sitting Center.*] Mrs. Kirner brought bad news! She has just lunched with the Bishop and the other members of the Seminary Campaign Committee. The Bishop was in excellent spirits, and he was especially pleased with Mrs. Kirner, because she was able to report that she had completed the organization of her Division. A good ten days before the campaign opens, mind you!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. She's invaluable.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Yes. Well, she was alone with the Bishop for a moment after luncheon, and she seized that opportunity to put in a strong word for Mr. Pearson, as I had asked her to do.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Well?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. She got nowhere! His manner changed the moment she mentioned Mr. Pearson's name, and he ended by being almost rude to her! [*The* MONSIGNOR *makes a face.*] It's a great disappointment. I had counted on Mrs. Kirner's influence. [*Smiles.*] To tell you the truth, I thought of her as an ace up my sleeve.

[*They laugh.*]

MONSIGNOR BURKE. I don't understand it! The Bishop didn't cut off my head when I mentioned Pearson this morning.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Something new has happened. It appears that just this morning someone sent the Bishop a clipping about a speech that Mr. Pearson made in Syracuse, and the Bishop is indignant about it.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. What did the boy say?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I don't know. But knowing Mr. Pearson, I'm sure that it was—challenging!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*With satisfaction.*] Yes, you can depend on that! And it doesn't matter a continental what the boy said! Syracuse isn't in this diocese!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Apparently that makes no difference to the Bishop!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*Glumly.*] True. [*Brightening.*] Still, it will do no harm to remind him of the fact!

SISTER MONICA. [*Enters to between them.*] Good afternoon, Mother. I hope I haven't kept you waiting. Good afternoon, Monsignor. It's a great pleasure to see you again, as it always is. Well, we have our work cut out for us this afternoon, haven't we? And I'm afraid I have some bad news for you!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Amused.*] Slowly, Sister! Slowly!

SISTER MONICA. I *beg* your pardon, Mother! But I was so eager to put you in possession of the facts!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Yes, Sister. And what are the facts?

SISTER MONICA. I have found out who the men are who have agitated this matter with the Bishop.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Ah!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. That's what we wanted! Who are they?

SISTER MONICA. [*Ticking off a finger to* MONSIGNOR.] Mr. Campbell, [*To* MOTHER HILDEBRAND.] of the Holy Name Society.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Mr. Campbell! What does he know about education?

SISTER MONICA. An apposite question, Monsignor! [*Ticks off a second finger.*] Mr. Duncan, [*To* MOTHER HILDEBRAND.] the Diocesan Attorney.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. I might have known it! There's not a greater reactionary in the diocese.

SISTER MONICA. [*In a dramatic tone.*] And the third is—Mr. Replogle!

[*This name is greeted with silence.*]

MONSIGNOR BURKE. The banker!

[*In the brief silence,* SISTER MONICA *crosses above him to Left of table. Presently* MOTHER HILDEBRAND *speaks in a vigorous tone.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I refuse to believe that Mr. Replogle could have any special influence with the Bishop.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. It's only natural that he should, Mother— Gratitude is a very strong emotion.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Yes. And Mr. Replogle has been notably generous. But his opinion will have no more weight with the Bishop than that of an ordinary man. I have too high a regard for Bishop Gregory to imagine that Mr. Replogle's wealth will influence him.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*Shaking his head sadly.*] It might not influence him consciously, Mother, but I wouldn't answer for what it might do to that subconscious mind— Ah, the task of persuading the Bishop that right is on Pearson's side will not be easy.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Rising and crossing to Right Center.*] That I admit! [*Turning back to face them.*] As Sister Monica said, we have our work cut out for us— Monsignor, if you will take care of Mr. Duncan and Mr. Campbell, I shall undertake the easier task of persuading the Bishop that Mr. Replogle's opinion is not —formidable.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. You're a brave woman, Mother Hildebrand.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I begin to suspect that I have a higher opinion of Bishop Gregory than you have.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Well, I know how easy it is for men —even very good men—to suppose that justice is naturally on the side of their own advantage— Then, too, you must remember that I knew our Bishop when he was a rather untidy little altar boy! [*He meaningfully indicates* SISTER MONICA, *who is moving down Left, amused.*] An altar boy who had a rather irascible temper.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Oh, yes! Sister Monica, Monsignor Burke and I have been agreeing that, in our conference with the Bishop, we must be very careful not to irritate him. We must urge our points with as much gentleness as possible. And above all, we must not interrupt him or contradict him.

SISTER MONICA. I understand that the Bishop has a very bad temper. I shall be as tactful as possible.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Turning away, amused, to above the desk.*] I'm sure that you will be, Sister.

SISTER MONICA. But if he says something contrary to the fact, Mother, as he well may, I'm afraid that my conscience won't allow me to be silent!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. If your conscience will remind you of the respect that we all owe to the Bishop, I think we shall get on very well.

[SISTER LUCY *appears in the Right side of the doorway, followed by the* BISHOP.]

SISTER LUCY. Mother Hildebrand, Bishop Gregory!

[*As the* BISHOP *goes Right to greet* MOTHER HILDEBRAND *behind the chair Left of the desk,* SISTER LUCY *hurries off, the* MONSIGNOR *struggles slowly to his feet and* SISTER MONICA *goes below him to up Center.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Thank you for coming, Bishop. It was kind of you. [*She genuflects and kisses his ring.*]

BISHOP GREGORY. I am always happy to see you, Mother.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Indicating* SISTER MONICA *and motioning her forward.*] Sister Monica.

SISTER MONICA. [*Genuflecting as he turns to her.*] Bishop Gregory.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Rather distastefully.*] Good afternoon, Sister. [*He sees the* MONSIGNOR *and crosses enthusiastically below the Center chair to him.*] Ah, Monsignor, I'm glad to see you!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Thank you, Bishop.

[*As his legs give way, his genuflection is almost calamitous, but the* BISHOP *catches him and helps him to resit.*]

BISHOP GREGORY. Monsignor, Monsignor, you shouldn't. Here, let me help you!

[MOTHER HILDEBRAND *and* SISTER MONICA *are in whispered colloquy up Left of the desk,* SISTER MONICA *ad libbing, "He's early. What shall we do?" and* MOTHER HILDEBRAND *advising, "You'd better see if you can find Mr. Pearson," after which* SISTER MONICA *goes below the desk to the telephone.*]

MONSIGNOR BURKE. I'm considerably more trouble than I'm worth.

BISHOP GREGORY. No one who knows you would agree to that, Monsignor. We're too aware of what we owe you. Though few people owe you as much as I do!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Come, come, you discharged your debt to me long ago.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Crossing and sitting below the table.*] Only an insignificant part of it!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Be careful, Bishop, you're encouraging me to hope that you'll let me have some influence with you in the matter of young Pearson.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*In a very good humor.*] No one could accuse you of beating about the bush, Monsignor!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. We mean to tackle you! You must resign yourself to that!

BISHOP GREGORY. I am thoroughly resigned! In fact, I mentioned to my Guardian Angel, just a few minutes ago, that we were in for a struggle! [*He enjoys his joke, then looks around.*] By the way, I thought I was to have four adversaries. Is Mr. Pearson not coming?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Crossing above Center chair to Right of the Monsignor's chair.*] He ought to be here at any minute.

BISHOP GREGORY. He ought to be here now!

SISTER MONICA. [*Below the desk, glancing at her watch.*] But you're seven minutes early, Bishop.

BISHOP GREGORY. What?! [*He quickly takes out his watch.*] So I am. I hope you'll forgive me.

[*The* SISTERS *smile, bow and sit,* MOTHER HILDEBRAND *Center and* SISTER MONICA *Left of desk.*]

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Willingly, Bishop. And I'll use the extra time to say a few things about Pearson that I wouldn't say in his hearing. He's a good boy, Bishop.

BISHOP GREGORY. I don't doubt that, Monsignor.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. I didn't mean only that he was free from the more alarming vices. I mean that he possesses some quite rare virtues. He is courageous!

BISHOP GREGORY. Courage and indiscretion frequently go hand in hand.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. We must be careful not to confuse them, Bishop. I don't think Pearson does.

BISHOP GREGORY. I have heard an opposite opinion.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*Waxing oratorical.*] I daresay! The world is as full of Pharisees today as it was two thousand years ago. And they're working just as hard to resist the truth.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Amused.*] My informants would be startled to hear themselves described as Pharisees! [*Seriously.*] But they are convinced that Mr. Pearson, for all his good intentions, which they admit, is a dangerous teacher.

SISTER MONICA. Bishop Gregory, do your informants know anything about a college?

BISHOP GREGORY. They should. Their daughters are students in yours.

SISTER MONICA. That means that they are aware of the

importance of a college degree. But I wonder if they know anything about the intellectual climate of a college?

BISHOP GREGORY. [*With acidity.*] I'm not sure that *I* do, Sister Monica. I should be happy if you would enlighten me.

SISTER MONICA. You are jesting, Bishop! But I think you know that the very atmosphere of a college ought to promote the eager investigation of all facets of the truth. Consequently, I try to include, in my faculty, minds of every sort. Or rather, personalities of every sort! For minds are of two kinds only, good and bad, and the bad I eliminate!

BISHOP GREGORY. If I follow you, Sister, you are telling me that Mr. Pearson is valuable to you because he has an interesting personality.

SISTER MONICA. [*A little too definitely.*] He has many values! [MOTHER HILDEBRAND *quickly waves her to calm down, which she does.*] Among others, a remarkable grasp of his own subject, and an absolute genius for imparting knowledge. And his liberal viewpoint is a splendid balance to the conservative viewpoint of, for instance, Professor MacLeod, of the English Department. In our college, Bishop, within the confines of truth, we encourage the widest liberty of thought.

BISHOP GREGORY. Within the confines of truth, Sister! But are you quite sure that Mr. Pearson never goes beyond those confines?

SISTER MONICA. [*Violently.*] I am quite sure!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Handkerchief in hand, flags her down into submissive silence.*] Bishop Gregory, did

any of the three men who complained to you of Mr. Pearson suggest that his views were heretical?

BISHOP GREGORY. No, but exceedingly dangerous.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. In what way, Bishop?

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Searching the phrase to sum it up.*] Ah—the cumulative effect of his lectures is to make his students feel guilty about the possession of wealth. In fact, it appears that he is advocating a kind of Socialism!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Gently and carefully.*] I think he stops short of that. What he advocates is simply the obligation of charity. The cumulative effect of his lectures, to use your phrase, is, indeed, to give his students a fear of the possession of wealth. But isn't that wholesome? Doesn't wealth carry with it a quite frightening responsibility? And as some of our students will inherit money, isn't it imperative that they should understand their responsibility in advance?

BISHOP GREGORY. They can understand it without being upset!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. But can they, Bishop? Old people, when they are teachable at all, can learn things calmly. I don't think young people can. They either see truth in flaming colors, or miss it altogether.

BISHOP GREGORY. I admit that a few young women, who understand what Pearson is driving at, might be inspired by him. But we must be prudent. We must consider the hundreds of young women whom he would simply—unbalance.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Sister Monica, do you think that Mr. Pearson is "unbalancing" any of them?

SISTER MONICA. I do not!—Most young women of college age, Bishop Gregory, couldn't be unbalanced except by an earthquake. The handful of girls who are capable of understanding Mr. Pearson are absorbing the noblest ideals from him.

BISHOP GREGORY. My informants, Sister Monica, have given me a different impression!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*Trying to prevent tempers from flaring up.*] Bishop Gregory, we've been keeping a secret from you. We were waiting for the strategic moment, and I think this is it— We know who your informants were, and we don't think much of them! Take Mr. Campbell, for instance, the head of the Holy Name Society. A good man.

BISHOP GREGORY. Indeed he is!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. But what does he know about the world?—Has he ever, to your knowledge, read a book? —Now that's nothing against him. Lots of the saints didn't know how to read. And you can certainly love God without knowing the alphabet!

BISHOP GREGORY. Quite so.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. But you can't run a college without knowing it! And if I wanted advice about a college, I wouldn't go to a man who barely got through the Eighth Grade!—Now his daughter's something else! She inherited brains—from her mother's side. If the girl made a complaint, I'd be inclined to listen to it. But did she?

BISHOP GREGORY. I believe not.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. As I thought! She probably complained to her father because he wasn't doing his duty

by the collections. Which, [*Turning Right to include the* SISTERS.] between ourselves, he never did!—Then, as for your Mr. Duncan! He had his last new idea the year that Herbert Hoover was defeated for the presidency. How he has survived the intervening years I cannot guess, because every event has filled his soul with terror! He fears change as I fear mortal sin!

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Enjoying it.*] Yes, I don't think anyone has ever accused Mr. Duncan of radicalism.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Now frankly, Bishop, how would you like a world organized on the lines that appeal to Mr. Duncan? [*The* BISHOP *laughs pleasantly.*] You wouldn't get much fresh air, would you? Until someone like young Pearson came along and opened a few windows!

BISHOP GREGORY. I'm afraid that your Mr. Pearson wouldn't wait to open them! He'd be more inclined to kick them in!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Possibly. But at the moment, he's just keeping them open. A valuable work, Bishop.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Thoughtfully.*] It has its value, I suppose. [*Then remembering his purpose.*] But it has its dangers, too! Wealth in itself is no evil!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Mr. Pearson has never said that it was.

BISHOP GREGORY. Perhaps not in so many words, Mother, but people, *responsible people,* feel that that is his attitude.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*After a moment's silence.*] You mean that Mr. Replogle feels that, do you not, Bishop?

BISHOP GREGORY. [*A little startled, but admitting it hon-*

estly.] He certainly does, and as I respect him, I am bound to attach importance to his views.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Only so much importance, I hope, as his views deserve on their own merit!

BISHOP GREGORY. Certainly. But on their own merit, his views are incontrovertible. And I agree with him—Pearson is bound to arouse dangerous passions!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Then why has he not done so?—Have we any concrete evidence that anyone has been harmed by Mr. Pearson's teaching?—He has been in our college for almost two years. In that time, no student, except the one who began this unfortunate controversy, has been antagonized by his views. None of our professors, lay or religious, has ever equalled that record. [*Settling back comfortably.*] I think that Mr. Replogle is needlessly alarmed.

BISHOP GREGORY. He is vehement about the matter!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Bishop Gregory, it is a fact, is it not, that your duty, as spiritual head of this diocese, requires you to foresee and forestall spiritual dangers to your people?

BISHOP GREGORY. Unquestionably!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Then I wonder if you have considered what the effect would be, upon people's minds, of discovering that Mr. Pearson had been dismissed at the request of a man to whom our Church owed a debt of gratitude.

[*There is a short silence, during which the* BISHOP, *looking exceedingly troubled, rises.*]

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Crossing down Left.*] Unfortunately,

I have already committed myself to Mr. Replogle. [*He goes up to the Left side of table.*]

MONSIGNOR BURKE. The greatest right we have as human beings, and it saves souls every day, is the right to—change our minds.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Smiling thoughtfully and walking slowly across above him to up Center.*] You have a point there, Monsignor, a valuable point. Perhaps I should.

TOMMY. [*Enters the doorway.*] Bishop Gregory!

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Turning above the Center chair.*] Ah, Mr. Pearson.

[*He extends his right hand, and* TOMMY *comes down, genuflects and kisses the ring.*]

TOMMY. I hope I'm not late.

BISHOP GREGORY. No, I think you're quite punctual, Mr. Pearson. But I was early. [*Crossing down Right Center a few steps and glancing good-humoredly at* SISTER MONICA *and* MOTHER HILDEBRAND *who has risen on* TOMMY'S *entrance and gone to sit in the chair below the desk.*] That gave your friends an excellent opportunity. [*Turning back to* TOMMY.] They have been trying to persuade me that you are not a dangerous influence.

TOMMY. I am very grateful to them. [*Smiling.*] And I'm inclined to agree with them.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Also smiling.*] I daresay. But your opinion may not be wholly free from prejudice.

TOMMY. Not wholly.

[*They* BOTH *laugh.*]

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Still, a man's opinion of himself has its value. A man knows whether he's committed a murder or not.

BISHOP GREGORY. Fortunately, no one has accused Mr. Pearson of murder, [*Turning to* MOTHER HILDEBRAND] not even Mr.— [*He catches himself and after a moment of confusion, returns to* TOMMY.] Nevertheless, Mr. Pearson, a good many people in this diocese look upon you as a radical who stops just short of Communism.

TOMMY. That represents an improvement. A month ago, they said that I *was* a Communist.

BISHOP GREGORY. That is not a charge, Mr. Pearson, that should be brought against a professor in a Catholic institution.

TOMMY. That is what I said to the reporter of the *Morning Post*—in less polite language.

BISHOP GREGORY. What I mean is, a professor in a Catholic institution should never say anything that is capable of being misinterpreted.

[TOMMY *gives a little but audible cackle of laughter which he instantly suppresses as the* BISHOP *looks at him coldly.*]

BISHOP GREGORY. Did you find that amusing, Mr. Pearson?

TOMMY. [*Conciliatory.*] It reminded me of something amusing, but quite irrelevant.

BISHOP GREGORY. I see. [*But he is unconvinced.*]

TOMMY. [*Determined to make up for his breach.*] But I quite agree with you. It was unfortunate that my views

were capable of being construed as communistic. Since that unfortunate controversy began in the newspapers, I have made a special effort to avoid any ambiguity. And I assure you that I shall continue to do so in the future.

[*The* BISHOP *nods approvingly, and the* SISTERS *and the* MONSIGNOR *look enormously relieved.*]

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Expansively.*] That's very wise. I am encouraged to hear it. If I can report to my friends, [*Turning to* MOTHER HILDEBRAND] Mr. Pearson's enemies, I regret to say, that he has modified his views, I think they will be compelled to modify their objections to him.

TOMMY. [*Quietly.*] Oh, I'm afraid I didn't make myself clear, Bishop. I have no intention of altering my views.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*After having turned back to face him during a moment of rather ominous silence.*] Oh, you're determined to go on being a crusader, are you?

TOMMY. I am determined to go on being an historian.

BISHOP GREGORY. If you would confine yourself to the facts of history, Mr. Pearson and leave theory alone, you could avoid a good deal of trouble.

TOMMY. The almanac people take care of facts, Bishop. Historians have a more complicated duty.

BISHOP GREGORY. You look upon it as your duty to arouse controversy, do you?

TOMMY. The controversy is a by-product. My concern is with truth.

BISHOP GREGORY. The truth as you see it!

TOMMY. [*Earnestly.*] I have no reason to suppose that there is a difference between truth and the truth as I see it.

BISHOP GREGORY. You don't lack confidence, Mr. Pearson!

TOMMY. It isn't a question of confidence, Bishop. Believe me! Nor of obstinacy. It's a question of conviction. I shouldn't have felt that I was qualified to be a teacher if I lacked conviction!

BISHOP GREGORY. And it appears to be your conviction that your particular philosophy of life is so noble that it must be recommended to your students in the course of every lecture!

TOMMY. [*Carefully restraining his growing irritation.*] I am teaching the Catholic philosophy of history, Bishop Gregory. I think you will agree that it is worth recommending.

BISHOP GREGORY. Oh, you look upon yourself as an exponent of Catholic philosophy, do you?

TOMMY. [*Beginning to toy with his Phi Beta Kappa key.*] Sister Monica has selected her entire faculty with a view to assembling scholars who adhere to that philosophy.

BISHOP GREGORY. And you never doubt the orthodoxy of any of your statements?

TOMMY. [*Earnestly.*] No. Nor of my thinking. It was conviction that brought me into the Church, Bishop, and it is conviction that keeps me there. That conviction

animates me whether I am addressing one of my own classes, or a non-sectarian group, or just—

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Vehemently.*] Ah! I must thank you for reminding me of something that I had almost forgotten! Are you under the impression that you were enunciating Catholic views when you lectured in Syracuse on Tuesday?

TOMMY. Definitely!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Bishop Gregory, Syracuse is not in your diocese!

[TOMMY *starts twirling key chain.*]

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Angrily.*] I am aware of that, Monsignor Burke! Although I do not possess a Phi Beta Kappa key— [*He glares at* TOMMY'S *key, and* TOMMY *returns it to pocket.*] I do know the boundaries of my own diocese! [*Turns back to* TOMMY, *getting glasses out of breast pocket.*] Mr. Replogle was kind enough to send me a press-clipping which quoted a paragraph of your lecture. Have you seen it?

TOMMY. If it was from the morning paper, yes.

BISHOP GREGORY. Was it an accurate report of what you said?

TOMMY. [*Beginning to smile rather wickedly.*] Word for word.

BISHOP GREGORY. And you have the courage to tell me that you never deviate from the Catholic viewpoint!

TOMMY. Never—consciously.

BISHOP GREGORY. Then perhaps it was in a moment of unconsciousness that you composed this rabble-rousing

paragraph! [*He has drawn a press-clipping from his wallet, and now he shakes open glasses, puts them on and reads in an angry tone.*] "At the moment, indeed, labor is in a position of strength. But what necessitated the reforms that have been accomplished in the last decade and a half? The callousness of employers, the greed of unrestrained competition, the enormous fortunes of individuals, the poverty of the masses, and the shameful and inhuman treatment of men as chattels to make money by! Let us not forget that within the memory of men living today, a small number of very rich men were able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself!" [*Finishes, looking indignantly at* TOMMY *and takes off glasses.*] Those were your words, Mr. Pearson?

TOMMY. That particular paragraph, Bishop, was made up chiefly of quotations. But surely you recognized them?

BISHOP GREGORY. I did not, sir! I have only a slight acquaintance with Marxist authors.

TOMMY. [*Amused.*] The author whom I quoted was *not* a Marxist! [*He suddenly realizes that he is being indiscreet, and goes on in a conciliating tone.*] The whole point of my lecture was that it was based on principles that have been approved by the Church. And all of my quotations were drawn from Catholic writers.

BISHOP GREGORY. Not the last paragraph!

TOMMY. Especially the last paragraph! Every word in it was written by—

BISHOP GREGORY. I don't care if it was written by a Bishop!

TOMMY. [*Smiling, and finally yielding to temptation.*] As a matter of fact, it was.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Recovering, after a moment of deflation.*] Since you look upon yourself as an authority on Catholic matters, Mr. Pearson, I think you ought to know that Bishops are concerned only with their own dioceses! They speak to their own people, about their own problems. It is never their intention to address the Universal Church. [*Turns away Right.*]

TOMMY. It was the intention of the Bishop whom I quoted, for he was the Bishop of Rome! I thought that I could hardly do better than to conclude a lecture on the Industrial Revolution with some of the colorful sentences that Pope Leo XIII had used in his Encyclical on Labor.

[*There is a pregnant silence.*]

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Crossing away up Left. Coldly.*] Thank you for meeting me this afternoon, Mr. Pearson. I see no reason why we should detain you any longer.

[TOMMY *looks horrified, and the* MONSIGNOR *leans forward.*]

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Now, Bishop! You've just begun to talk to the boy! Let him—

[*The* BISHOP *holds up his hand to silence the* MONSIGNOR, *and speaks in the same cold tone.*]

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Turning upstage before down Left chair.*] Good afternoon, Mr. Pearson.

TOMMY. [*Bowing, and speaking with dignity.*] Good afternoon, Bishop Gregory. [*He turns to* MOTHER HILDEBRAND, *and smiles.*] Thank you for allowing me

to come, Mother. I am grateful to you. And to you, Sister Monica. [*The two* SISTERS *smile unhappily, and bow, but say nothing, and* TOMMY *turns to* MONSIGNOR BURKE.] Goodbye, Monsignor.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. God bless you, my boy.

[TOMMY *goes off.*]

BISHOP GREGORY. Mother Hildebrand, it will hardly surprise you to know that this interview has not enhanced my opinion of Mr. Pearson. He is not the kind of man who ought to be teaching in your college.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Now, Bishop, don't be hasty! Give yourself time to think! The boy—

BISHOP GREGORY. He is insolent, and arrogant!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Well, Bishop, you gave him a beautiful opening! You can't blame him for taking advantage of it. It was naughty of him, of course, but it isn't every day that you can catch a Bishop out! Don't be angry with him, Bishop! You know, The anger of man worketh not the justice of God!

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Still in a cold rage.*] I assure you that I am not angry.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*Dryly.*] I am relieved to know it.

BISHOP GREGORY. And I should like to be permitted to continue my conversation with Mother Hildebrand. [*Crossing to Center.*] As both you and Sister Monica value the young man, Mother, I feel some compunction at going counter to your wishes. But I must do so. I hope that you will dismiss him at once.

SISTER MONICA. But he is under contract until the end of the year!

BISHOP GREGORY. Then you will of course pay him his full salary. I shall gladly reimburse you.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*Looking at the ceiling.*] Why not let Mr. Replogle do it?

[*The* BISHOP *is preparing an angry reply when* SISTER MONICA *intervenes.*]

SISTER MONICA. [*Rising to him.*] Bishop Gregory, how am I to replace Mr. Pearson in the middle of a term? None of the other members of the faculty can undertake his work, and to secure—

BISHOP GREGORY. I am aware of the difficulty for you, Sister, but I have the highest opinion of your ability! I have no doubt that you will manage somehow. [*He rises, and the* MONSIGNOR *begins the long process of getting to his feet.*] And now, Mother, [SISTER MONICA *goes up Right Center to secretary*] I am afraid that I have overstayed my time. [*He starts up.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Also rising to front of chair Left of desk.*] Bishop Gregory, allow me to detain you for another moment.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Looking surprised but courteous, comes down to face her.*] Certainly, Mother.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. You have in the past,—it's ungenerous to remind you of it, spoken of the gratitude that you feel to our order. You have even imagined that you were under obligation to us. If that is the case, perhaps you will forgive me for asking you to reverse your decision about Mr. Pearson. [*The* BISHOP *draws himself up haughtily, and she makes a pleading gesture as she continues.*] The inconvenience of losing a professor in the

middle of a term, and the distress of being obliged to dismiss a man whom we do indeed value, is not worth your consideration. But I feel that we are on the verge of committing an injustice, and that *is* worth your consideration. Mr. Pearson had the misfortune to irritate you. But don't, I beg of you, allow your irritation to conquer your strong sense of justice!

BISHOP. I am not aware of being moved by irritation! And my decision is irrevocable! [*He turns away.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Taking a step after him.*] Bishop Gregory! [*He stops, frowning severely.*] I must, in conscience, remind you that a young man's whole career is in question. If it is known, as it must be, that he was dismissed in the middle of a term, some stigma will be attached to his name for the rest of his life. Have his faults justified that? Have we a right to blast the future of a young man who is capable of doing great things?

BISHOP GREGORY. I have told you what my wishes are about Mr. Pearson!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Bishop Gregory, there is still one thing that must be said—

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Angrily.*] Mother Hildebrand, you are trying my patience. I have no further interest in Mr. Pearson. [MOTHER HILDEBRAND *bows submissively, and the* BISHOP *turns to the* MONSIGNOR.] My car is waiting, Monsignor Burke. [*Going above him to be on his Right.*] May I take you home?

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*Formally.*] Thank you, Bishop.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*More gently, offering his arm.*] Will you take my arm?

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*Depressed and weary.*] I won't refuse that either. [*He leans on the* BISHOP'S *arm.*] Good afternoon, Mother. Sister Monica.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND and SISTER MONICA. Good afternoon, Monsignor. [*They bow to the* BISHOP.] Bishop Gregory.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Coldly.*] Good afternoon, Sisters.

[*The* BISHOP *and the* MONSIGNOR *go off, and* SISTER MONICA *turns to* MOTHER HILDEBRAND, *who has collapsed on chair Left of desk.*]

SISTER MONICA. [*Left of her.*] Mother Hildebrand, you're ill!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. No.

SISTER MONICA. But you're pale! And you look so tired!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Yes, I feel tired. [*Makes an effort, and straightens her shoulders.*] Sister, you must notify Mr. Pearson of his dismissal at once.

SISTER MONICA. Yes, Mother.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Then we must set about finding a substitute for him. Perhaps the University could lend us someone for the coming week.

SISTER MONICA. [*Watching her anxiously.*] Yes, Mother.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I want to talk to the Chancellor in any case, so I shall put in a call for him—in just a moment! [*She is silent for a moment.*] After fifty years, obedience ought to be easy! But I find it hard to reconcile myself to this decision of the Bishop's. Or to feel that it has accomplished God's Will. May God forgive me for

saying it! [*Another brief silence, rising to* SISTER MONICA.] Sister, I am not myself. Forgive me for a moment! [*Then going above desk to Prie-Dieu. She kneels down on the Prie-Dieu, makes the Sign of the Cross, closes her eyes, and prays silently, her lined old face betraying her deep unhappiness. Presently the unhappiness fades from her face, and is succeeded by a beautiful serenity. Then, quite suddenly, the serenity gives way to a look of wondering astonishment. She blesses herself, rises with energy, jerks at her leather belt, and speaks in her usual strong voice as she goes to the desk, seats herself, and prepares to write.*] Sister, I want you to ask Mr. Pearson, as a favor to me, not to mention his dismissal to anyone, and not to make any plans for the future, until after Monday.

SISTER MONICA. [*Facing her across desk with excitement, as the suspicion is born in her that there may yet be hope.*] Very well, Mother.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I shall want someone to deliver a note for me in about ten minutes.

SISTER MONICA. [*Eagerly.*] Yes, Mother.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Writing vigorously.*] There's no doubt of it, Sister. God thinks of the most amazing things!

CURTAIN

ACT THREE

ACT THREE

SCENE: *The same.*
TIME: *Late Monday afternoon. The room is almost dark, with winter twilight outside the windows. The office is dark and the door closed. The double doors are open into the lighted hall.* SISTER MONICA *enters quickly and goes below the desk to the telephone.*

SISTER MONICA. Sister, did any messages come through for Mother Hildebrand while we were in the chapel?—Are you quite sure, Sister?—I don't understand it! *No* word from Mrs. Kirner?—Have you been at the switchboard all the time?—I see. Thank you. [*She hangs up but after a moment takes it up again.*] Sister, give me an outside line, please.

[SISTER LUCY, *carrying a large silver tray on which are a crystal decanter of port and six glasses, comes into the doorway and hesitates there. Behind her is* SISTER ATHANASIUS, *carrying an unopened box of cigars and two glass ashtrays.*]

SISTER LUCY. Oh—will we disturb you, Sister?

SISTER MONICA. No, dear. Come in. [*She clicks the telephone contact as* SISTER LUCY *goes Left above the table and puts down the tray.* SISTER ATHANASIUS *puts the cigars on the opened drop-leaf table Right of entrance.*] Never mind, Sister. [*She hangs up.*]

SISTER ATHANASIUS. We're just going to arrange the room up for the Cardinal.

SISTER MONICA. [*Crossing below the desk, up Center and off.*] Well, I must go downstairs again.

[SISTER ATHANASIUS *turns on a wall switch right of the entrance, lighting two lamps on the mantel, one on the up Center secretary and one on the upstage end of the desk and revealing large vases of yellow flowers on the Left Center table, the up Center drop-leaf table and a small table placed against the Right wall between the windows, upstage of the crucifix.*]

SISTER LUCY. [*Above table, shifting glasses on tray.*] Is that the way the glasses ought to be, do you think?

SISTER ATHANASIUS. [*Going to her and putting an ash-tray on the table.*] They look very nice, Sister. What a lovely color the wine is!

SISTER LUCY. Isn't it?

SISTER ATHANASIUS. Have you ever tasted wine?

SISTER LUCY. No, Sister.

SISTER ATHANASIUS. [*Crossing Right.*] Neither have I.

SISTER LUCY. [*Going to behind chair Right of table.*] Sister Alphonso has. She likes it. She used to drink it in Italy. Everyone does there.

SISTER ATHANASIUS. [*Placing other ashtray on drop-leaf table and picking up the box of cigars doubtfully.*] Yes, I've heard so. It has something to do with the water— What shall we do with the cigars? We can't put them on the desk, can we?

SISTER LUCY. No, I don't think Mother would like that—Why don't you leave them on the table?

SISTER ATHANASIUS. [*Starts to replace them, then hesitates.*] Would it look more hospitable to open the box?

SISTER LUCY. By all means!

SISTER ATHANASIUS. [*Tries to but finds it stuck.*] It seems to be stuck. [*She holds it up to the light.*] Oh, there's a little nail holding it. We'll have to pry it open.

SISTER LUCY. [*Crossing below Center chair to front of desk.*] I'll get a paper knife.

SISTER ATHANASIUS. [*Moving down Center, Left of chair, surveying room.*] It looks quite festive. I think Mother will be pleased.

SISTER LUCY. [*Returning with paper knife which she gives to* SISTER ATHANASIUS, *who starts to work on box.*] She's had a happy day! And wasn't it all beautiful—the red robes and the gold vestments and the white flowers on the altar?!

SISTER ATHANASIUS. [*As the box lid springs open.*] There. [*She hands the paper knife to* SISTER LUCY *and takes out one of the silver paper-wrapped cigars and holds it up for them both to examine.*] My, they wrap these very carefully, don't they?

SISTER LUCY. They have to. They're dreadfully expensive. I forget how much apiece.

[*At this moment* MARY *enters.* TOMMY, *following, stops in the Right side of the doors.*]

MARY. [*As she sees the two* SISTERS.] Forgive me. I didn't know that you were here.

[*She goes down below the Left table, as* SISTER ATHANASIUS *hurriedly replaces the cigar and goes up to put the box on the drop-leaf table,* SISTER LUCY *following to leave the paper knife on the secretary. They hurry out, frightened.*]

SISTER ATHANASIUS. We were just going— Come, Sister.

TOMMY. [*Going down Center.*] Mary, will you let me explain?

MARY. [*Crossing to face him.*] You don't need to. You've been fired! That's all there is to it!

TOMMY. But you don't understand—

MARY. What I don't understand is why you didn't tell me.

TOMMY. I couldn't. I promised Sister Monica on Friday that I wouldn't tell anyone.

MARY. But you let me believe that there was still some hope. And so did Mother Hildebrand! [*Going to chair Right of table and sitting.* TOMMY *turns away to the Right.*] All day I kept saying to myself, it's Monday! I'll soon know that everything's all right! And I went right on thinking so until after Benediction. [*As* TOMMY *sits dejectedly in the Center chair.*] I didn't see the procession going in, so of course I thought you were where you ought to be, with the faculty. But when they marched out, you weren't with them, and then I saw you coming down from the choir loft, with a lot of people who weren't even invited! And then I realized that you had been sold down the river by a lot of hypocrites who pretend to serve God!

TOMMY. [*Quietly, facing her.*] Very eloquent. And very childish. Mother Hildebrand is no hypocrite, as you damned well know.

MARY. Then why did she let me believe that something was going to happen today?

TOMMY. Presumably because she thought so herself. And it still might! It'll go on being today for seven more hours.

MARY. Oh, Tommy, you're just trying to fool yourself. You know it's all over!

TOMMY. I don't! She must have had some plan, or she wouldn't have sent me that message.

MARY. But what *could* happen now? Do you expect an angel with a trumpet to drop down from Heaven and say, "Tommy, it's all fixed up!"?

TOMMY. [*Rising and crossing above table to mantel.*] I don't know what I expect.

MARY. Then I can tell you. When today's festivities are safely over, it will be announced that Mr. Pearson has withdrawn from the faculty.

TOMMY. [*Slapping the mantel.*] I don't believe it!

MARY. Then it's only because you don't want to! [*Rising and going around her chair to above table.*] Tommy, if the Bishop says you're out, you're out! We can't take it to a higher court. There isn't one. The Bishop's the top!

TOMMY. [*Slapping the back of the chair below the table after a moment's thoughtful pause.*] All right, then, that's that! [*Crossing downstage to Right of Center chair.*] I can start looking for another job. I'll write to

the personnel man at Harvard tomorrow and ask him if he knows of a vacancy. In the meantime, I'll go over to the University here, and see if they have any odd jobs—I'll get another post and take up where I left off. I've lost one round, but what's that? If we look at it in the right light, I've been lucky!

MARY. [*Very seriously.*] Look, Tommy, I told you that if the Bishop made them fire you, it would destroy my faith. Well, that hasn't happened. You were right. I can't condemn the Church because it didn't prevent an injustice, but the injustice happened, and I'm going to make a protest. [*She crosses above him to the office door.*]

TOMMY. What do you mean?

MARY. [*Turning back with her hand on the door knob.*] I'm giving up my job. I won't go on working for someone who has allowed this to happen.

TOMMY. [*Crossing to Right Center.*] Darling, Mother Hildebrand didn't *let* this happen. She was powerless! You said yourself that the Bishop was the Supreme Court! She simply couldn't do anything!

MARY. [*Turning back to the office.*] Well, I can. And I will!

TOMMY. That's a magnificent present to give her for her Jubilee! To make her unhappier still!

MARY. [*Returning to face him again.*] Unhappy? You should have seen her at the reception!

TOMMY. I saw her face during Benediction. I wish you had seen it. I think you would have hesitated to add one more thing to what she has suffered. [*Vehemently.*]

She's spent her life working and fighting for the things that she believes in. One of the things that she believes in is me!—Now, apparently, she's lost. But she can't indulge herself by making a gesture of protest. No! She just has to bow her little head and take it! This was her great day! Perhaps she was happy for a moment. But people like Mother Hildebrand aren't expected to be happy—so quit your job, and spoil what's left of her day! [*He turns angrily away to Center.*]

MARY. [*After a moment.*] All right, Tommy, you win. I won't leave. I'd never do anything to hurt her.

TOMMY. I know that. [*He goes to her.*]

MARY. Will you do something for me?

TOMMY. What?

MARY. Forget I ever said it.

TOMMY. [*Smiling.*] Agreed.

MARY. [*The telephone rings, and she goes above the desk to behind it to answer it.*] Mother Hildebrand's office— Sister Monica? No, she isn't— I saw her downstairs a few minutes ago— Certainly, Sister, I'll tell her at once. [*She hangs up and goes excitedly up to* TOMMY.] I've got to find Sister Monica. She's been asking about a telegram, and one has just come.

[*They start off as* MR. BARTON *is heard in hall.*]

MR. BARTON. [*Off.*] We're almost there, Monsignor.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*Entering on* MR. BARTON'S *arm.*] A good thing, too!—Well, Tommy, I wondered where you had been keeping yourself this afternoon.

TOMMY. Generally speaking, I've been keeping out of the way.

MARY. Is there anything I can do for you, Monsignor?

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*As he is being led to the chair Right of the table.*] No, my dear, I think I'll be safe with Mr. Barton.

MARY. Then I'd better go along. I have a message for Sister Monica.

[TOMMY *and* MARY *go off, and* MR. BARTON *helps the* MONSIGNOR *into the chair.*]

MONSIGNOR BURKE. What a relief! You know, Cardinal or no Cardinal, I couldn't have stood on my feet for another minute! If it had been the Holy Father himself, I'd have to give up.

MR. BARTON. [*Standing at Center.*] I'm glad to hear you say that. I was beginning to wonder if only Presbyterians got tired!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Between ourselves, these celebrations are considerably more trouble than they're worth.

MR. BARTON. I wouldn't go that far— Monsignor, *could* that be wine, do you think?!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*Turning to look as* MR. BARTON *crosses above him to up Left side of the table.*] Of course it's wine! They've produced it for the Cardinal! We'll have some!

MR. BARTON. Before the others come?

MONSIGNOR BURKE. There's nothing in Canon Law to forbid our drinking while the Cardinal is still shaking hands.

MR. BARTON. [*Taking up decanter and pouring a glass.*] Very well, but I shall tell Mother Hildebrand that it was your idea.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. I accept full responsibility.

MR. BARTON. There you are, sir. [*Handing the glass to the* MONSIGNOR *and pouring one for himself.*] I'll admit that I could use a glass of wine at this point.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. [*Looking at and then tasting his port.*] Port! It's *good* Port!

MR. BARTON. [*Tasting his as he goes down to sit below table.*] That I did *not* expect!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. You know, these celebrations are very good things. They're colorful, and the world needs color.

MR. BARTON. Yes, and Mother Hildebrand deserves everything that was done for her today.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. It isn't often that the Church is able to honor its saints while they're still in the world.

MR. BARTON. She's a wonderful woman.—I wish there were something I could do to protect her.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Protect her from what?

MR. BARTON. I suppose I mean from unhappiness.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. She's one of the happiest people I know. And for a very simple reason. She has perfect resignation to God's Will!—I thought I had, but I still try to do God's thinking for Him.

MR. BARTON. Doesn't everyone?

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Not Mother Hildebrand! To give you an example, a thing happened in this room on Friday that troubled both of us. I couldn't sleep that night, but when I talked to Mother Hildebrand the next morning, her voice had such a ring in it!—She has the faith that moves mountains!

MR. BARTON. Well, perhaps that will help her when the newspapers get hold of this business about Pearson.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. What's that?!

MR. BARTON. Her college survived one bout of notoriety, but can it survive another. [*He puts his glass down and speaks seriously.*] And make no mistake, Monsignor. This time it won't be just a tempest in a tea-pot. It will be the real thing!

[*As the* MONSIGNOR *puts his glass down preparatory to replying,* SISTER MONICA *hurries in to behind the Center chair.*]

SISTER MONICA. Mr. Barton, Mother Hildebrand wonders whether you could come downstairs at once? She'd like you to be there while the reporters are interviewing the Cardinal.

MR. BARTON. Certainly, Sister. I'll talk to you later, Monsignor.

[*He goes above the table to the doors as* SISTER MONICA *goes Right to below the desk.*]

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Please do. I am deeply concerned.

SISTER MONICA. [*Picking up the telephone, as* MR. BARTON *goes off.*] Monsignor, forgive me for one moment.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Certainly, Sister.

SISTER MONICA. Sister, was it you who took the telegram for Mother Hildebrand?—What did it say? [*Her face falls as she listens.*] How very kind of him— Thank you. [*She hangs up.*] The Governor hopes that Mother Hildebrand will live to celebrate her Diamond Jubilee— I wonder if he'll still be running for President! [*She takes up the telephone again.*] Let me have an outside line, please. [*She dials four numbers.*] This is Sister Monica again— Has Mrs. Kirner come in yet?—And she hasn't called?—I see— Thank you. [*She hangs up.*]

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Sister Monica, Mr. Barton has alarmed me. He tells me there's going to be more newspaper notoriety about Pearson.

SISTER MONICA. [*Crossing to Right Center.*] How could there be?

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Do you suppose that Pearson's been telling his troubles to the newspapers?

SISTER MONICA. [*Crossing to Center and sitting in Center chair.*] Certainly not. He promised not to mention his dismissal to anyone until after today. And of course he wouldn't while there was still hope.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Hope of what?

SISTER MONICA. [*Absently, as she thinks.*] That the Bishop would change his mind.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Was Mr. Pearson cherishing that hope?

SISTER MONICA. Well, we told him that— [*She stops herself.*]

MONSIGNOR BURKE. You told him what, Sister?

SISTER MONICA. [*Trying to pass off her slip.*] Disregard it, Monsignor. I was just chattering.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. You told him not to give up hope, did you? That's very interesting, considering that the Bishop gave you explicit orders to fire Pearson!

SISTER MONICA. I did so, Monsignor. Within the hour.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. You did with one hand—but what did you do with the other hand?! [*He looks at her in silence for a moment.*] And now you're upset because you can't get in touch with Mrs. Kirner.

SISTER MONICA. She wasn't at the reception, Monsignor.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. As approximately three hundred other people were, I don't think she was missed— You know what I think?

SISTER MONICA. No, Monsignor.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. I think you're up to something!

SISTER MONICA. I, Monsignor?

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Spare yourself that innocent look, Sister! It doesn't impress me. You wanted Mrs. Kirner to be here for a purpose. Now didn't you?

SISTER MONICA. [*Rising to the Right.*] This is a subject that I cannot discuss with you, Monsignor.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Then I'll discuss it with you! If you and Mother Hildebrand think that you can circumvent the Bishop, you're wrong! Even *she* couldn't win an argument with the Bishop. Bishops *always* win!

SISTER MONICA. I may be mistaken, Monsignor, but I

thought that Saint Teresa won an argument with a Bishop.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Sister, that was four hundred years ago! And Saint Teresa's Bishop was Spanish. Bishop Gregory is of English descent. A fine race, the English, but there's not much give to them. [*Shaking his head.*] Sister, I wouldn't want Mother Hildebrand to get into trouble. How would you like it if she fell out with Bishop Gregory?

SISTER MONICA. [*Smiling.*] If that happened, I think I would begin to envy the sisters who have charge of our Indian Mission.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Then you may thank Heaven that Mrs. Kirner didn't put through your little plan for you!

SISTER MONICA. I cannot agree with you, Monsignor. [*Resitting in the Center chair.*] Mother Hildebrand felt that you should not be implicated in our plan, so I can't give you the details, but it was flawless. The Bishop would have reversed his decision about Mr. Pearson, but he would never have known that it was Mother Hildebrand who had changed his mind.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. That sounds like coercion to me, Sister. And I don't like it, even in a good cause.

SISTER MONICA. Mother Hildebrand would hardly attempt to coerce her own Bishop, Monsignor! But she hoped that he could be persuaded to consider Mr. Pearson's case calmly. That, as you well know, he would not do unless we had additional weight on our side.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Then I'm sorry that Mrs. Kirner disappointed you.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Hurries in between them. To* SISTER MONICA, *as she rises.*] Well, Sister, is there any word? [*Turning to* MONSIGNOR BURKE *quickly.*] Forgive me, Monsignor.

SISTER MONICA. There's not a trace of her! I rang up her house again just now, and they haven't heard from her since she left home at one-thirty, to come here.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Sitting Center.*] And we have so little time! Mr. Barton told me that Mr. Pearson's case would probably be on the front page of every newspaper by tomorrow morning.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. What?!

SISTER MONICA. How could it be? No one knows of his dismissal.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. It appears to be common knowledge that Mr. Replogle was agitating for his dismissal. A month ago they were attacking Mr. Pearson as a Communist. Now they will rush to his defense as a young idealist who is being persecuted by a rich reactionary. And they'll sell as many papers one way as the other!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. It mustn't happen! The Church must not be accused of self-interest.

SISTER MONICA. Can you suggest a way to prevent it, Monsignor?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I can— I can appeal to Rome!

SISTER MONICA. Hardly before tomorrow morning.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Yes, Sister, before tomorrow morning. I can appeal to the Papal Legate. His being here at this moment is Providential. He is a just man. I have

no doubt that when he knows the facts, he will decide in our favor.

SISTER MONICA. But having decided in our favor, he will get on his plane and go back to Washington, leaving us here with Bishop Gregory.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. She's right, Mother. It wouldn't be pleasant to be on bad terms with the Bishop! And he certainly wouldn't like us to go over his head.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Rising and crossing to behind desk.*] Unfortunately, Monsignor, I have no choice.

SISTER MONICA. [*Turning to face her across the desk.*] Mother Hildebrand, if you refer the case to the Cardinal, when will you do it?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND [*Sitting.*] As soon as he reaches this room.

SISTER MONICA. And you will introduce the subject in the Bishop's presence?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I will have no alternative. I can hardly ask the Bishop to withdraw once he comes.

SISTER MONICA. I see. [*Sitting Left of the desk.*] Then we're in for it.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Unless we hear from Mrs. Kirner.

SISTER LUCY. [*Entering to Left side of the doorway.*] Mother Hildebrand, the Bishop!

[*They all start to rise as the* BISHOP *enters to Right Center, also in scarlet ceremonial regalia, like the Monsignor's but with skullcap instead of beretta.*]

BISHOP GREGORY. Don't disturb yourselves, please. [*The* MONSIGNOR *relaxes, but* SISTER MONICA, *already on her*

feet, goes down Right.] It's been a splendid celebration, Mother. Very well arranged.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Resitting behind the desk.*] Thank you, Bishop.

BISHOP GREGORY. The Cardinal said so, too. He was delighted with everything, and he's being extremely generous with the reporters. They are very pleased. My only fear is that they will tire him with their questions. [*Turning to the* MONSIGNOR *as* SISTER MONICA *sits down Right.*] I think I'll go down and suggest to Mr. Barton that he try to shorten the interview. [*He starts up to the doors.*]

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Oh, there's no need to do that, Bishop. Cardinals don't get tired. They have a special Grace which prevents them from wearing out.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Returning to face him.*] That is a theological point, Monsignor, that they didn't teach me in the Seminary!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. It isn't in the books. It's something I learned from observation. But you'll find it's true when you're a Cardinal!

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Laughing.*] Oh, then I'm afraid I must take your word for it, Monsignor. I don't think I shall ever have to be fitted for a Cardinal's hat!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. You can't be sure of it. Five years ago you didn't think you'd ever be a Bishop—building a grand new Seminary!

BISHOP GREGORY. That's true. [*Crossing happily to the desk.*] How pleasant it is to be here in a moment of recreation. [*Sitting comfortably Left of the desk.*] With

no problems confronting us— Moments like this are very rare.

SISTER MONICA. Very rare. And usually very brief.

BISHOP GREGORY. Well, in Heaven we shall be able to enjoy our friends without interruption.

SISTER MONICA. And in Heaven I suppose we shall all be friends!

BISHOP GREGORY. Surely we needn't wait until Heaven for that, Sister.

[*The telephone rings, and both* MOTHER HILDEBRAND *and* SISTER MONICA *jump for it.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Mother Hildebrand speaking— Yes, Sister— Very well, I'll tell him. [*She hangs up.*] Bishop Gregory, Father Benton is coming up to see you. Sister said that he seemed rather agitated.

BISHOP GREGORY. I wonder what about. [*Rising and crossing thoughtfully up Center.*] Good Heavens, I hope the Cardinal's plane flight hasn't been cancelled. That would be very awkward. The Cardinal must be back in Washington tonight!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. I can't think why people plan trips by plane. If I have to go somewhere, I don't want to be told at the last minute that I can't go. I'd rather travel by ox-cart; then at least I'd know when I was starting.

FATHER BENTON. [*Appearing precipitately in the doorway.*] Bishop, do forgive me for interrupting you. But I thought you would want to know at once— [*He comes down to Left of the Center chair.*] I must apologize to you also, Mother Hildebrand, for intruding upon you.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Not at all, Father Benton. It's always a pleasure to see you.

FATHER BENTON. Thank you. [*Nervously facing the* BISHOP *again.*] Well, Bishop Gregory, I may as well tell you at once that I have very bad news for you.

BISHOP GREGORY. About the Cardinal?

FATHER BENTON. No, it has nothing to do with the Cardinal.

BISHOP GREGORY. What a relief! Now tell me your bad news, Father. It won't seem very bad to me!

FATHER BENTON. I'm afraid it will!—As I was walking out to my car just now, Mrs. Kirner drove up.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Mrs. Kirner?!

FATHER BENTON. [*Stepping downstage again to face her.*] Yes, Mother. I don't know whether you noticed it, but Mrs. Kirner wasn't at the reception.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Yes, I did notice that, Father Benton.

FATHER BENTON. She's had a dreadful time. She was so anxious not to be late for the reception that she didn't notice how fast she was driving. A motorcycle cop stopped her, and when he asked to see her licenses, she didn't have them! Then he made her go before a magistrate!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Poor Mrs. Kirner! [*Turning to* SISTER MONICA.] It hadn't occurred to me that she might be in jail!

FATHER BENTON. He wouldn't even let her go to a tele-

phone. And she had to wait two hours before her case came up.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Where is Mrs. Kirner now, Father?

FATHER BENTON. Oh, she's gone home.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Gone home?

FATHER BENTON. Yes. She wanted to see the Bishop, but when I told her she couldn't, [*Stepping up to face him.*] she said it was important that you should know immediately.

BISHOP GREGORY. Know what, Father?!

FATHER BENTON. That she won't head the Women's Division in your campaign for the Seminary.

[*There is a moment of stunned silence as* MOTHER HILDEBRAND *rises beaming and looks triumphantly down Right at* SISTER MONICA.]

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Crossing down Left.*] I don't believe it!

FATHER BENTON. I knew it would distress you. But I thought you should know at once, so that you could get someone else.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. But who *could* replace Mrs. Kirner?

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Returning thoughtfully to Right Center.*] Exactly!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*To* SISTER MONICA.] There isn't a woman in the diocese who commands the respect that she does.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Facing her at the up Left corner of the desk.*] Or who has half her ability.

[FATHER BENTON *crosses slowly, sadly, above the* MONSIGNOR *to Left of the table.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. You will miss her sadly, Bishop.

BISHOP GREGORY. She can't withdraw now—on the very eve of the campaign! There must be some mistake.

FATHER BENTON. She was quite definite, Bishop.

BISHOP GREGORY. But having agreed to do it— What excuse did she give?

FATHER BENTON. She said that she had planned to use as her area chairmen some of the women of her alumnae—

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Taking over eagerly.*] She always does! There are twenty-five members of our alumnae who constitute a kind of flying squadron for Mrs. Kirner. It's a remarkable group. They manage all of my campaigns. If I need money, I simply call Mrs. Kirner and then sit back [*She sits back comfortably*] and wait for the cheques to pour in. [*Leaning forward earnestly.*] What was the goal you had set for her division, Bishop?

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Forlornly.*] I had hoped that she might raise a million dollars.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Oh, easily. [*She turns, nodding agreement, to* SISTER MONICA.]

BISHOP GREGORY. A million dollars is a great deal of money, Mother! It's almost half our goal.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. True. Still—

BISHOP GREGORY. Three years ago, when Father Carroll was attempting to raise just a quarter of a million, for the new stadium, he failed to do it.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Our alumnae did not support that campaign, Bishop.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Smiling hopefully.*] But your alumnae will surely support the Seminary, Mother?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Prompting* FATHER BENTON.] Did Mrs. Kirner indicate that her assistant chairmen were also withdrawing from the campaign?

FATHER BENTON. Yes. She said that they had had a meeting this morning and decided to give it up.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. That settles it! They speak for the alumnae.

BISHOP GREGORY. This is appalling news. Incomprehensible! [*Turning to the* MONSIGNOR *and sitting Center.*] What can their motive be? [*To* FATHER BENTON.] Did Mrs. Kirner give you any clue?

FATHER BENTON. None.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*To* SISTER MONICA.] It's very mysterious. [*Rising and crossing above desk to Right Center.*] You have always been on good terms with Mrs. Kirner, haven't you, Bishop?

BISHOP GREGORY. Always.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. She certainly speaks of you with the greatest respect.

BISHOP GREGORY. And I admire her.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. You haven't been at variance about anything?

BISHOP GREGORY. No. I have seen her at least once a week since we began to plan the campaign, and our meetings have always been quite easy and friendly.

SISTER MONICA. [*Rising to the corner of the desk.*] Something must have happened. Mrs. Kirner is not a woman who changes her mind for no reason at all.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Quite true. When did you last see her, Bishop?

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Rising to Center.*] Let me see—

FATHER BENTON. It was Friday, Bishop. You lunched with the Campaign Committee the day that you got back from New York.

BISHOP GREGORY. That was it, Friday.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Friday. And Mrs. Kirner had no thought of withdrawing at that time?

BISHOP GREGORY. None at all! She was looking forward to the opening of the campaign.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. And you parted on good terms?

BISHOP GREGORY. Yes—I think so.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. You hadn't had a difference of any kind?

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Slowly, as his memory begins to function.*] No. That is, not a serious one. At least, at the time I didn't think it was serious. But it's true that we did disagree.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. About anything important?

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Dismissing it.*] Oh, no, no. It was just about that young man of yours. You know—Pearson. She said that he had done excellent work in the college, and I told her that our views of excellence differed. That's virtually all there was to it.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Going down to address* SISTER MONICA *across the corner of the desk.*] That's undoubtedly it.

SISTER MONICA. Undoubtedly.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. The alumnae is so sensitive on these points.

SISTER MONICA. They have a proprietary attitude towards the college.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*As they nod their heads in complacent agreement.*] Naturally, my dear, naturally. They have such pride in it.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Having listened in amazement.*] What do you mean? What has Pearson to do with the campaign for my Seminary?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I am afraid that he has cost you the support of our alumnae, Bishop.

BISHOP GREGORY. What? How could he?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I am afraid the alumnae has heard that you insisted upon Mr. Pearson's being dismissed. [*Turning to* SISTER MONICA.] They would of course resent that as they resent any outside interference in the college.

BISHOP GREGORY. A request of mine, Mother, hardly constitutes outside interference!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. But that is a point, Bishop, which the alumnae seems unable to grasp.

BISHOP GREGORY. And how could the alumnae have heard that *I* asked for Pearson's dismissal?

[SISTER MONICA *turns away anxiously, crossing down Right.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. My dear Bishop, how does any news spread about? I daresay you told more than one person?

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Turning slowly to the Left.*] Well, I—I mentioned it to Father Benton, of course.

[FATHER BENTON *protests in silent innocence.*]

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. And surely to Mr. Duncan—and to Mr. Campbell?

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Remembering.*] Yes, as it happens.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. It's always impossible to say how news gets about, but it does! Mr. Barton, for instance, told me that he had heard on Friday that Mr. Pearson had been dismissed at your request—and Mr. Replogle's.

BISHOP GREGORY. How amazing!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I thought it very disturbing—Of course, Mr. Barton's paper is safe. I have his word for it that the *Morning Post* will ignore the episode. But as Mr. Barton pointed out, he can't control the other papers. [*Crossing above desk to behind it.*] I'm afraid we're in for some rather unenviable publicity.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Following to face her across the desk.*] Do you mean to say that our little trouble with Mr. Pearson might get into the newspapers?!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Mr. Barton is sure that it will.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Collapsing in the chair Left of the desk.*] Good Heavens!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. And if the episode has alienated people like Mrs. Kirner and the members of our alumnae, we can imagine the effect that it will have upon people outside the Church. [*Sitting with a glance at* SISTER MONICA.] Well, we must just face it! And perhaps it will be good for our souls. The Church has always been respected in this community. Perhaps it will do us good to live without respect for a while.

SISTER MONICA. [*Sitting down Right.*] It won't do my college any good, Mother!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Gaily.*] No, nor Monsignor's parish, nor the Bishop's Seminary, but we must be philosophical. Very few people fulfill their ambitions in life. And if we don't do what we had hoped to do in the world, it doesn't matter! Another generation will. The Bishop had hoped, of course, to give the diocese a new Seminary during his lifetime, but if he doesn't finish it, his successor will!

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Rousing from his despair.*] But I *am* going to finish it, Mother!

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Well, Bishop, I think you're going to need a little help from the laity! The Pastors have already done twice as much as you thought they'd have to.

BISHOP GREGORY. I am aware of that. They have been most generous. I can't expect them to do any more.

MONSIGNOR BURKE. Not if you want us to keep our churches and our schools open!

FATHER BENTON. The Bishop uses those very words in the address he has prepared for the opening of the campaign!

SISTER MONICA. But can you open a campaign in which the members of our alumnae do not participate? [*The* BISHOP *frowns at her.*] Believe me, Bishop, our graduates constitute a majority of the well-to-do Catholics of this diocese. And I doubt if anyone is optimistic enough to imagine that your Seminary will be built by Protestants.

BISHOP GREGORY. No, we can hardly expect any outside help— Mother, you know this diocese as well as I do. What do you advise?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. I am afraid that you would resent my advice, Bishop.

BISHOP GREGORY. Never, I assure you! If you have a suggestion, please make it!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Then I think you must conciliate the alumnae.

BISHOP GREGORY. How can I?

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. By authorizing Sister Monica to renew Mr. Pearson's contract.

BISHOP GREGORY. Mother Hildebrand!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. Is there another solution possible?—If Mr. Pearson is reinstated today, I can guarantee that the alumnae will be at work again tomorrow. But that's the smallest detail. The great thing is, Bishop, that we will have averted a scandal.

BISHOP GREGORY. A scandal!

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. A scandal in which our order would have been involved— If this story appears in the newspapers, Bishop, your esteem will be lower in this diocese. My esteem will be lower in the twenty dioceses in which we have convents. But your reputation, and mine, are insignificant. The important thing is that you and I, together, will have injured the Church. That is hardly the accomplishment we looked forward to when we consecrated our lives to the service of God.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Rising after a moment and crossing slowly to Center.*] I had not considered the matter in that light, Mother. [*After another moment, he turns to face her.*] There is no question that Mr. Pearson would still be available?

SISTER MONICA. [*Exploding into almost a shout.*] *None!*

BISHOP GREGORY. [*Frowning and turning away down Center.*] It is regrettable that I have already spoken to Mr. Replogle.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Rising and crossing above desk and down to the Right of the Bishop.*] Dear Mr. Replogle! So unfailingly generous! One would never wish to offend him. But you have so many burdens, Bishop, so many really important things to attend to. Perhaps I could undertake this task for you! [*The* BISHOP *looks at her suddenly.*] I really think I could make Mr. Replogle see the advantage of retaining Mr. Pearson. Apart from the fact that we have always been great friends, our order has more than a million dollars on deposit at Mr. Replogle's bank.

BISHOP GREGORY. [*After a moment's slowly nodding his*

head, understanding.] Then, everything considered, I think perhaps we'd better offer Mr. Pearson a new contract.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Turning to* SISTER MONICA *in radiant happiness and clasping her crucifix in prayerful gratitude.*] Sister Monica [SISTER MONICA *rises, smiling delightedly.*] you will carry out the Bishop's command without delay?

SISTER MONICA. Yes, Mother, I shall talk to Mr. Pearson at once. [*She starts Left and up to go off when a loud, artificial voice booms through the room. She stops and as the voice speaks, they all look about trying to discover its source.*]

THE VOICE. Mother Hildebrand! Mother Hildebrand! On this, your Golden Jubilee, the Class of 1952 takes pleasure in presenting you with a Public Address System. This is something we are told you have wanted for a long time. May you enjoy it for many years! In the lowest drawer at the left of your desk is a microphone [MOTHER HILDEBRAND, *beaming, starts to her desk.*] through which you can broadcast a message to every part of the convent, for loud-speakers are now concealed in every corridor. We will be listening for you, Mother Hildebrand.

MOTHER HILDEBRAND. [*Opening the drawer.*] Mr. Angellini is a man of infinite resource! [*She holds up the microphone and then begins her first broadcast in a clear, strong voice as the Curtain falls.*] This is Mother Hildebrand. I am deeply grateful to the Class of 1952 for their thoughtful *and surprising* gift. May God bless you all!

CURTAIN

STORY OF THE PLAY

(5 MALES; 5 FEMALES)

A young man teaching history to the girls in the convent school is about to be dismissed by the harsh Bishop for some modestly liberal remarks. Happily, the nuns and a kindly old Monsignor rally around the innocent youth, and the Mother Superior, who trusts in God but has her own stratagems, concocts an innocent plot to persuade the Bishop to reverse himself. "The Velvet Glove" won the first prize in a play contest held by the Catholic organization known as The Christophers, and its picture of the pleasures and sorrows of the life spiritual is understandingly sympathetic, if upon occasion slightly arch. The history teacher is about to be fired because a rich contributor to the Church objects to his liberal views, and is finally reinstated because some wealthy ladies refuse even larger donations unless the young man is taken back.

PROPERTY PLOT

ACT I

Blue overall carpet
2 pairs of glass curtains—windows in right wall
2 pairs of golden silk brocade draperies with valances—windows in right wall
Primitive Italian carved-wood crucifix—on wall between windows
Late Empire bamboo armchair with green velvet seat-cushion—against down right wall
Small Gothic armchair with red brocade seat cushion—in up right corner of set
Three lengths of butter-muslin stretched tight over lattice-work in office door and frame up right
Small walnut typewriter desk—in office up right
ON WHICH: Office typewriter
IN WHICH: Unfinished letter
French-type telephone downstage
Desk lamp upstage
Small card file upstage
Scratch pad, left of typewriter
Pile of 10 typewritten letters, clipped to addressed envelopes—downstage
Matching walnut desk chair—right of desk facing it
Dark metal wastepaper basket—downstage of desk
Large metal filing cabinet in up right corner
ON WHICH: 3 books

Smaller metal filing cabinet in up left corner
ON WHICH: Columbia Encyclopedia
On back wall of office: Large plaster religious plaque,
Flanked by: matching pair of gold and carmine "Sacred Heart of Jesus" pictures
Beneath which: 2 framed diplomas
Above which: 2 conventional Holy Family portraits
Simple mahogany Prie-Dieu with green kneeling cushion right center on main set, before crucifix
Large Empire desk right center, facing down left
ON WHICH: Elaborately mounted push button up left
Large engagement pad below push button
Leather mounted blotter right center
Matching pen and inkwell set and letter-holder, left center
2 sharpened pencils by inkwell
Scissor and paperknife set, brass, below inkwell
Leather-mounted calendar below scissors
French-type dial telephone down right
IN BOTTOM LEFT HAND DRAWER OF WHICH: New hand microphone on long cord
Small, early Victorian oak armchair—right of desk
Brown leather wastepaper basket—beneath upstage end of desk
Small, mid-Victorian oak armchair—left of up left corner of desk
Very large Empire mahogany secretary against back wall—up right center

IN UPPER PART OF WHICH:
Old books
Various small bronze and marble religious figures
White marble and bronze Holy Water font (a decorative relic—not practical)
ON DESK SHELF OF WHICH:
Electrified Victorian lamp—right end
Small bronze crucifix on base at center
Framed portrait—left of center
3 books—left

4 framed group pictures of nuns—on wall up center, 2 each side of secretary

Small mahogany veneer drop-leaf table (closed) against back wall, left of secretary

Small, early Victorian oak armchair with apricot velvet seat cushion—at center, facing front

2 short lengths of butter-muslin stretched tight over lower third of translucent sections of double doors up left center

Brown strip carpet in hall—up left center

Large, ornate apod platform of Gothic religious design suspended from wall in hall, centered in double doors
ON WHICH: Gilded plaster angel 4-feet high

4-foot round pedestal table at left center
ON WHICH: Floor-length, neutral grey cover
Low bowl of green plants—center
6 Catholic periodicals—right
Large, leather-bound, board-cover, "family"-type Bible—left

Large walnut late Victorian armchair with seat, back and arms in blue and gold brocade—up right of table

Matching straight chair—down left of table

Matching footstool—at lower end of fireplace left

Gothic straight chair with red brocade seat cushion

(companion of armchair up right) up left against back wall, left of double doors
Conventional religious portrait of Joseph and Jesus, gilt-framed, above chair, back wall, up left center
Modern books in bookcases up and down left
Framed portrait hanging on door of upstage bookcase
2 electrified bronze Gothic lamps with frosted glass globes up and downstage on mantel
Elaborate gilt Russian cathedral clock with mosaic cross fastened on face—on mantel at center
Gilt framed reproduction of Michelangelo's "Virgin and Child" in arched niche above mantel
Framed, autographed portrait of Pope Leo XIII hanging on door of downstage bookcase
OFF RIGHT: Hanging single chime for Angelus bell

CUE NEAR END OF ACT

OFF LEFT:
Small zippered, envelope-type briefcase
IN WHICH:
Assorted papers
Letters in torn-open envelopes (MOTHER HILDEBRAND)
Small tin or plastic kitchen tray
ON WHICH:
Cup and saucer with spoon
China pot of hot coffee
Creamer with cream
Sugar bowl with sugar and spoon
Folded damask napkin (SISTER LUCY)
Pin on lapel watch (SISTER MONICA)

ACT II

STRIKE: Briefcase from desk
Pile of typed letters from desk

Gloves from desk or right hand drawer

RE-SET: Down right chair to below desk facing left
Prie-Dieu to marks (for light) behind desk chair
Office door open
Chair left of desk to downstage marks (2 feet)
Center chair facing down left
Footstool from fireplace to below armchair right of table
Right double door closed
Left double door open wide

SET: Longhand list of names and seat numbers—on desk above the blotter
Large seating chart of the chapel—on blotter
6 blank filing cards—downstage on blotter
6 opened letters clipped to envelopes—just downstage from blotter
About 200 opened letters clipped to envelopes and filing cards—piled downstage

CHECK: Clean white notepaper and envelopes in letter-holder

OFF LEFT: Mother Hildebrand's prayer book

ACT III

STRIKE: Prayer book from desk

RE-SET: Office door closed
Both double doors open
Drop-leaf table left of secretary opened up
Down right chair to marks down right
Footstool from under table to fireplace
Catholic magazines from right to downstage on left table

Center bowl of greens from table to center of secretary
Center chair facing down left
Chair left of desk on downstage marks
Bottom left hand drawer of desk open 1 inch
Prie-Dieu to right wall beneath crucifix

SET: Small marble-topped table against right wall between windows above crucifix
ON WHICH: Tall white china vase
IN WHICH: 10 yellow roses

Non-flexible desk lamp upstage on desk, right of the push button

Wide-necked vase on drop-leaf table up center
IN WHICH: 20 yellow daffodils

Round bowl left center on round table
IN WHICH: 12 yellow tulips

OFF LEFT:

Silver tray
ON WHICH: Crystal decanter
IN WHICH: Simulated port wine
6 crystal port glasses
(SISTER LUCY)

Unopened cigar box
IN WHICH: Silver-paper wrapped cigars (non-practical)
(SISTER ATHANASIUS)

2 glass ashtrays (SISTER ATHANASIUS)

Mother Hildebrand's prayer book

PERISHABLES:

Coffee
Sugar
Cream
Cigarettes
Port wine (syrup-colored water)

LIGHTING PLOT

FIRST PIPE

NO. & TYPE	DIMMER	COLOR	FOCUS
500 watt			
1. 6″ Fres.	7	3/3	(HIGH HAT) Standing below right side of double doors
2. "	8	3/3	(HIGH HAT) Standing front of upstage window right
3. "	6	3/3	(HIGH HAT) Standing front of mantel left
4. "	8	3/3	(HIGH HAT-SIDEARM) Front of downstage window right
5. "	6	3/3	Standing behind left center table (SPREAD FOCUS)
6. "	6	3/3	Seated or standing by center chair
7. "	7	3/3	Standing below center of double doors up left center
8. "	10	3/3	Seated or standing by chair left of desk
9. "	15	3/3	Standing below step of office door up right
10. "	10	3/3	Seated or standing by chair behind desk
11. "	16	3/3	Across upper end of desk to office door up right
12. "	15	17/17	Standing front of mantel left
13. "	6	3/3	Seated or standing by chair below left center table (TIN

NO. & TYPE	DIMMER	COLOR	FOCUS
			CUT-OFF IN TOP OF FRAME; SHARP FOCUS)
14. "	9	3/3	Standing below left side of double doors
15. "	6	3/3	Seated or standing by chair right of big table
16. "	6	17/17	Seated or standing by center chair
17. 400 watt 5″ Fres.	16	3/3	Seated down right
18. 500 watt 6″ Fres.	15	3/3	Standing in front of up left bookcase
19. "	15	3/3	(HIGH HAT-SIDEARM) Front of down left bookcase
20. "	15	3/3	Standing front of up center secretary
21. "	10	3/3	(HIGH HAT) Seated or standing by chair behind desk
22. "	9	3/3	(HIGH HAT) Upstage end of desk; chair left of desk

FOOTLIGHTS

3–15 light sections 100 w.)	3	15–17/17 15–29/29 15–54/54	DON'T TILT

BALCONY RAIL

NO. & TYPE	DIMMER	COLOR	FOCUS
1. 750 watt 6″ Leko	4	3/3	Hits standing in front of fireplace (KEEP OFF DOWNSTAGE FACE)

NO. & TYPE	DIMMER	COLOR	FOCUS
2. "	4	17/17	Hits below left center table
3. "	4	3/3	Hits below center chair
4. "	4	17/17	Hits chair left of desk
5. "	4	3/3	Hits person seated behind desk
6. "	4	3/3	Hits standing below chair behind desk

RIGHT TORMENTOR

NO. & TYPE	DIMMER	COLOR	FOCUS
500 watt			
1. 4½″ Leko	13	3/3	Standing in front of mantel left
2. "	13	3/3	Seated or standing by chair right of big table
3. "	13	3/3	Seated or standing below big table
4. "	11	17/17	Seated or standing by center chair
5. "	11	3/3	Seated or standing by chair left of desk
400 watt			
6. 5″ Fres.	17	3/3	(TIN CUT-OUT) Kneeling on Prie-Dieu

LEFT TORMENTOR

NO. & TYPE	DIMMER	COLOR	FOCUS
500 watt			
1. 4½″ Leko	13	3/3	Seated or standing by chair behind desk
2. "	13	17/17	Seated or standing by chair left of desk
3. "	13	3/3	Standing downstage at right center

NO. & TYPE	DIMMER	COLOR	FOCUS
4. "	11	3/3	Seated or standing by center chair
5. "	11	3/3	Seated in armchair right of big table

SWITCHBOARD

6 x 5,000-watt dimmer plates (#s 1 through 6)
3 x 3,000-watt dimmer plates (#s 13 through 15)
3 x 2,000-watt dimmer plates (#s 10 through 12)
3 x 1,000-watt dimmer plates (#s 7 through 9)
2 hot pockets with auxiliary 1,000-watt slide dimmers (16 & 17)

SECOND PIPE

NO. & TYPE	DIMMER	COLOR	FOCUS
500 watt			
23. 6″ Fres.	5	3/3	Standing center of hall outside doors
24. "	5	17/17	Standing in center of doorway
400 watt			
25. 5″ Fres.	5	1/29	Through closed left hand door (FLOOD FOCUS)
26. "	5	1/29	Through closed right hand door (FLOOD FOCUS)
500 watt			
27. 6″ Fres.	5	3/3	Standing center of hall outside double doors
6-light x-ray 200-watt	5	2–1/17/17 2–1/3/3 2–1/62/62	Straight down

THIRD PIPE

NO. & TYPE	DIMMER	COLOR	FOCUS
500 watt			
28. 6″ Fres.	14	3/3	Sitting at desk in office
29. "	14	3/3	Down on desk in office (FLOOD FOCUS)
30. "	14	3/3	Standing left of desk in office
6-light strip in 2 sections 300-watt	14	2–1/17/17 2–1/3/3 2–1/62/62	1 section on lattice grill above door 1 section on muslin in upper half of door

RIGHT LADDERS AND WIZARDS

NO. & TYPE	DIMMER	COLOR	FOCUS
TOP-1 Lad.			
1. 2000 w.	2	62	Hits top of downstage window
2. 1000 w.	1	1/33/75	Hits top of downstage window (REPLUG)
3. 1000 w.	1	1/33/75	Hits bottom of downstage window (REPLUG)
4. 2000 w.	1	62	Hits bottom of downstage window
TOP-2 Lad.			
5. 2000 w.	2	62	Hits top of upstage window
6. 1000 w.	1	1/33/75	Hits top of upstage window (REPLUG)
7. 1000 w.	1	1/33/75	Hits bottom of upstage window (REPLUG)
8. 2000 w.	1	62	Hits bottom of upstage window

NO. & TYPE	DIMMER	COLOR	FOCUS
TOP-3 Lad.			
9. 1000 w.	12	62	Hits top of office window
10. 1000 w.	1	1/33/75	Hits center of office window (REPLUG)
11. 1000 w.	12	62	Hits bottom of office window

WIZARDS

NO. & TYPE	DIMMER	COLOR	FOCUS
1. 400 w.	2	1/29	Backing outside downstage window (MOUNT ON RIGHT WALL FLAT ABOVE WINDOW)
2. 400 w.	2	1/29	Backing outside upstage window (MOUNT ON RIGHT WALL FLAT ABOVE WINDOW)

MOTIVATED LIGHTING

PLUG IN FOR ACT III

2 Lamps on mantel
  15-watt flame bulbs—Plugging box #15
Lamp on secretary
  15-watt flame bulb—Plugging box # 15
Lamp upstage on desk
  15-watt frosted bulbs—Plugging box #15
2 Telephone bell boxes (one for cover) offstage down right
Microphone and 2 amplifiers (one for cover) offstage connected to:

Speaker hung on SECOND PIPE between X-Ray and Spot #26

MARKS & CUES

ACT I

PRE-CURTAIN SET-UP:

Dimmers 1, 2, 8, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16	—FULL
6, 7, 9	—mark 2
11	—mark 3
5	—mark 5
17	—OUT
CUE #1 (With dimming house lights)	Dimmer 3 to mark 3
CUE #2 (With curtain)	Dimmer 4 to mark 3
CUE #3 (With curtain)	Dimmer 4 to OUT
CUE #4 (With house lights)	Dimmer 3 to OUT

ACT II—THE SAME

ADD CUE #2A (On Bishop's exit) Slow dim-up of #17 to FULL

ACT III

PRE-CURTAIN SET-UP:

REPLUG Switch 1, pulling ladder fresnels 4 & 8 putting in 2, 3, 6, 7 & 10

PLUG Motivated Lighting into Switch 15 (Set dimmer #15 at mark 3 with Switch OFF)

Dimmers 8 & 10	—mark 5
Dimmers 2, 6 & 12	—mark 6
Dimmers 5, 7, 9, 11 & 13	—mark 7
Dimmer 16	—OUT (Switch On)
Dimmers 1, 14 & 17	—OFF

Lock Dimmers 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13 & 16 into MASTER DIMMER

CUE #1 (With house lights)	Dimmer 3 to mark 9
CUE #2 (With curtain)	Dimmer 4 to mark 7

CUE #3 (On visual cue when stage switch is thrown by Sister Athanasius)	Throw in Switch 15 *and simultaneously* Bring Master Dimmer up to mark 3 THEN: *Slowly* Dimmer 3 to mark 5 Dimmer 4 to mark 4 Dimmer 6 to mark 3 Slide Dimmer 16 to FULL THEN: 5-minute dim-out of 2 and 12 THEN: Slowly Dimmer 13 to mark 2 THEN: 5-minute dim-up; 1 to mark 5
CUE #4 (With curtain)	Dimmer 4 to OUT THEN: *Quickly:* All dimmers to FULL except 4 which will continue to work with the curtain for curtain calls

COSTUME PLOT

Mother Hildebrand

Cerulean blue nun's habit, with black shoes and stockings, black leather belt, crucifix and rosary and starched white fluted headdress of Holy Cross Order throughout. Black cape and gloves for I.

Sister Monica

Same as Mother Hildebrand throughout.
No cape or gloves needed.

Sister Athanasius

Same as Mother Hildebrand throughout.
Cape and gloves for I

Sister Lucy

Same as Mother Hildebrand throughout, except instead of black veil on the headdress, she wears the white veil of a novitiate. No cape or gloves needed.

Monsignor Burke I & II

Black priest's suit, black shoes and socks, white reversed collar with triangle of red at the neck.

Monsignor Burke III

Scarlet ceremonials, full-length cassock, etc., over black trousers and shoes. Black berretta with scarlet pompom.

BISHOP GREGORY

Same as Monsignor Burke throughout, except that in III, instead of the berretta, he wears a scarlet suede skull cap, and there is a heavy gold crucifix on a gold chain hanging around his neck.
Bishop's amethyst ring on ring finger of right hand at all times.

FATHER BENTON

Black priest's suit, black shoes and socks and white reversed collar throughout.

MARY RENSHAW I

Grey flannel skirt, white linen blouse and blue cardigan sweater, brown shoes.

MARY RENSHAW II

Blue wool knit dress, black belt and shoes.

MARY RENSHAW III

Black velvet, "jumper"-type skirt and blue silk blouse. Black, heeled shoes.

TOMMY PEARSON I & II

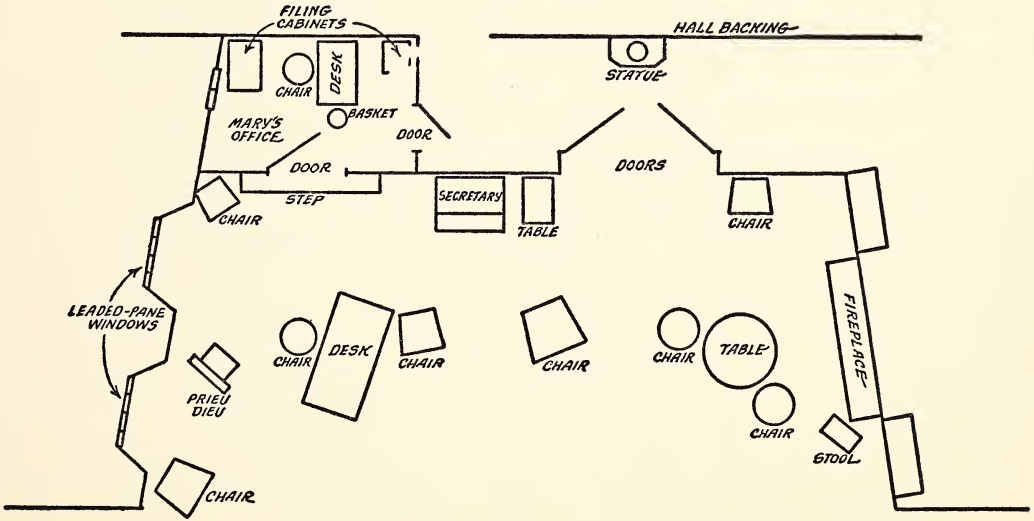
Grey flannel trousers, brown sport jacket, white shirt, bright tie, brown shoes, key chain from belt to right trouser pocket.

TOMMY PEARSON III

Grey flannel suit, white shirt, black shoes.

MR. BARTON

Grey business suit, white shirt, black shoes.



SCENE DESIGN

"THE VELVET GLOVE"

OUR TOWN

Drama. 3 acts. By Thornton Wilder. 17 males, 7 females, extras. Bare stage. Costumes, 1901.

Winner of the Pulitzer Prize, 1939. The play begins in 1901 in Grover's Corners where the Gibbs and the Webbs are neighbors. During their childhood George Gibbs and Emily Webb are playmates and their lives are inextricably woven together as neighbor's lives are like to be. But as they grow older they pass from this period into a state of romantic but embarrassed interest in one another. And one day, after a slight quarrel, George proposes to Emily in the drug store over an ice cream soda. They are a fine young couple, but their happiness is short-lived, for Emily is taken in death and placed in the village cemetery on a rainy, dreary day. In the most vitally moving scene in the modern theatre is shown the peace and quiet of death which can never be understood by the living. Emily, at first, doesn't understand it, and not until she has gone back to relive her twelfth birthday does she understand that life is a transient fleeting thing and death brings an eternal peace. She takes her place in the graveyard with her friends while George, unable to see beyond his grief, mourns for her.

(Royalty, $25.00.) Price, 85 cents.

TEN LITTLE INDIANS

Mystery. 3 acts. By Agatha Christie. 9 males, 3 females. Interior. Modern costumes.

A superlative type of mystery comedy, first produced at the Broadhurst Theatre in New York. The play takes place in a weird old house on an island. In the house is a mantelpiece on which there are ten little wooden Indians, and above which is an inscription of the nursery rhyme, telling how each little Indian died—until there were none. Ten people are gathered in the house as guests of a mysterious and unseen host. They hear the voice of the host accuse them, each in his turn, of complicity in a murder. Then one by one the guests suffer the different deaths predicted by the voice, and one by one the little wooden Indians topple. With seven down and three to go, the audience is still suspicious and in a fever of excitement. What follows is a tremendously gripping finale, expertly done by one of America's top mystery writers.

(Royalty, $50.00.) Price, 85 cents.

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game of give and take and double cross ensues. To better his chances for the big college job, the professor is called upon to expel a student, in love with his daughter, for writing a muddled, daring editorial for the campus paper. He refuses, and through a chain of events becomes a strong man, a fighting man, a champion of liberalism in politics. "Some of the most beguiling dialogue of the season."—*N. Y. Times.*

(Royalty, $35.00.) Price, 85 cents.

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REBOUND

Comedy in 3 acts. ...d originally by Arthur ...e, New York. 7 males, ...

Sara Jaffrey is twenty-... ...en we first meet her in the h... ...s-dale is much in love with ...or the rich Lyman Patterson ...ed and are married shortly a...

We next find them on their honeymoon in Paris, where Bill is beginning to show early symptoms of being a neglectful husband—even failing to show up to meet Sara's father. It appears that Evie and Lyman have turned up in Paris on their wedding tour and Bill has been spending the truant time with his old love. This devotion to Evie grows into alarming proportions despite Sara's pleading with Bill until she realizes love is not a thing to be begged for but a thing to command. She switches her methods and Bill rebounds back to her arms with every indication of being a devoted husband.

"The best light comedy written by anybody hereabouts in ten or twenty years." Heywood Broun, N. Y. Telegram.

(Royalty, fifty dollars.) PRICE 85 CENTS.

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THE ROYAL FAMILY

Comedy in 3 acts. By George S. Ka... Ferber. Produced originally by Jed H... Theatre, New York. 11 males, ... Modern costumes.

A tremendously interesting and f... of the American stage. The Ca... Family" concerns itself, comp... Fanny Cavendish, wife of th... actor of his day," who at ... season. There is her bro... his decline; Julie, he... Broadway star, To... wood, rushes hom... Polish picture ... refuge from ... building i... non-pro... Thro... an...

Withdrawn from UF. Surveyed to Internet Archive

ANTIGONE

Tragedy, no act division. Translated by Lewis Galantiere from the French of Jean Anouilh. 8 males, 4 females. Interior. Modern costumes.

Produced in modern dress—white ties and evening gowns—at the Cort Theatre in New York with Katharine Cornell as Antigone and Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Creon. The two sons of Oedipus, late King of the ancient Greek city of Thebes, had started a civil war and both were killed. Their uncle Creon became Regent. This version of the ancient Greek legend comes from a Paris that was suffering under the heel of Nazi tyranny. The play's parallels to modern times are easily grasped, are exciting and provocative. Creon, resembling in thought and action a latter day Totalitarian, ordains that one of the brothers who had in his opinion provoked the civil war be left unburied—carrion for dogs and vultures. Antigone, an individualist clinging to a higher law, covers the body of her brother with earth. Creon has her buried alive for punishment, which act brings about the death of his son, who was in love with Antigone, provokes his wife into taking her own life, and eventually brings about his own ruin. "The first really thought-provoking play to come along for some time."—*N. Y. Post.*

(Royalty, $25.00.) Price, 85 cents.

MEDEA

Play. 2 acts. By Robinson Jeffers. Freely adapted from the *Medea* of Euripides. 5 males, 5 females (extras). Exterior. Greek costumes.

Opened at the National Theatre in New York to the unanimous acclaim of the critics, who agreed that this is a play for actual performance in the theatre as well as for the contemplation and enjoyment of the discerning reader. This, his most eloquent drama, reaffirms Jeffers' preeminent place among modern poets. In this version of the Greek Classic, the ambitious Jason forsakes Medea, his foreign wife, and takes a new bride for political advancement. Now alone in a strange land, Medea rages with thoughts of revenge. On the day of her banishment she succeeds in bringing death to the new young bride and the most wanton horror to her husband, Jason. "Euripides' tragedy, *Medea,* with fine new words by Robinson Jeffers, and the works, in the way of acting, by Judith Anderson, won cheers and thirteen curtain calls last night at the National Theatre."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

(Royalty, where available, on application.) Price, 85 cents.